



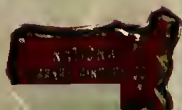
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THE
DETECTOR

OF

QUACKERY;

OR,

ANALYSER

OF

MEDICAL, PHILOSOPHICAL, POLITICAL,
DRAMATIC, AND LITERARY IMPOSTURE.

COMPREHENDING A SKETCH OF THE MANNERS OF
THE AGE.

By JOHN CORRY,

AUTHOR OF "*A SATIRICAL VIEW OF LONDON AT THE
COMMENCEMENT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,*" &c.

La Satire * * * * *

* * seule bravant l'orgueil, et l'injustice ;

Va jusques sous le dais faire pâlir le vice. BOILEAU.

I have endeavoured to make nothing ridiculous that is not in
some measure criminal.

ADDISON;

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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1802.

T. Davison, White-Friars.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE patronage with which this little book has already been honoured by the public, is truly grateful to the Author, who has corrected and amplified the present edition.

Dr. Johnson observes, that “*cheats can seldom stand long against laughter ;*” and it is the sincere wish of the Author, that his well-intended Satire may rouse the Public to a just indignation against *Quacks* and their *Abettors*.

SANCTIONS.

“THIS may be called the age of Quackery, from the abundance of impostors of every kind that prey upon society ; and they who cannot think or judge for themselves have reason to be thankful to this intelligent *Detector*, for exposing, with so much justice and ingenuity, the fraudulent arts of those people who make it their business and profit to deteriorate the health, morals, and amusements of the public.

“WE have read this little volume with great satisfaction. Mr. Corry’s remarks are pertinent and judicious, his style is spirited, and he handles his respective subjects with considerable dexterity. He is particularly severe on the *Kotzebüe-mania*.”—*Monthly Mirror for December 1801*.

“WE are glad to see that our author is in general a friend to morality and religion. On medical and philosophical Quacks he is indeed severe ; the former poison the body, and the latter the mind, of the credulous and unwary ; both, therefore, deserve the flagellation which is bestowed on them.

“*The Temple of Modern Philosophy*, is equal to most similar productions of Addison and Johnson : simplicity of narration, appropriation of character, unity of design, and purity of moral sentiment, all mark this pleasing vision.”—*Universalist’s Miscellany for December 1801* *.

* A new and improved series of this work is now carried forward under the name of “*The Universal Theological Magazine*.”

THE

DETECTOR OF QUACKERY.

MEDICAL EMPIRICISM.

—Arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Hear this, and tremble! *you* who 'scape the laws.
* * * * *
To Virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may censure or commend.

POPE.

AMONG the various kinds of imposture practised in polished society, Quackery has ever been the most successful, in consequence of the extreme respect paid to the professors of the art of healing. Our ancestors, indeed, like the ancient Greeks, seem to have considered the knowledge of medicine as an immediate communication from Heaven: hence physicians were not accountable to man for any accident which might attend the administration of remedies.

B

Empirics

Empirics profited by the superstition of mankind ; and while the wretch who committed a robbery was condemned to an ignominious death, the dispensers of nostrums, which deprived many individuals of their property and their lives, were honoured as public benefactors !

Quack Doctors practise their fraudulent arts with most success in a wealthy commercial country like England ; especially in the busy, populous, and luxurious capital, where the multitude have neither leisure nor inclination to detect imposture. Accustomed to obtain every luxury and accommodation for money, most people imagine that gold can procure even health and longevity : indeed the principle of self-preservation is so strongly entwined with the fibres of the human heart, that cunning and unprincipled men, who assume the character of physicians, easily impose on the public credulity.

Even regular physicians often profit by the fears of mankind, and thus realize a fortune. Many persons, in other respects very sensible, are so much under the influence of *medical superstition*, that, alarmed at the slightest qualm, they hastily send for the physician, who, of course, prescribes something to relieve that agony which might have been prevented by temperance.—Hence the constitution of the valetudinarian is gradually worn out ; a premature old age overwhelms him, and he expires surrounded by boluses and physicians.

Opulent persons pay their physician annually for keeping their constitutions *in repair* ; and the debauchee, from his irregularities, seems determined that the physician's

physician's engagement shall not be a *sinecure*.—On the other hand, Quack Doctors seem to consider the human frame merely as a *subject* for experiments, which, if successful, will ensure the reputation of the practitioner. The acquisition of fame and fortune is, in the estimation of these philosophers, cheaply purchased by sacrificing the lives of a few of *the vulgar*. To such they prescribe *gratis* *; in other words, they require no fee for making an experiment upon some credulous being, which may cost him his life!

Indeed the health of the people would soon be in a hopeful state were they all equally credulous. Between the *internal* use of the *Nervous Cordial*, or the *Balm of Gilead*, and the *external* application of *Perkins's Metallic Tractors*, our *inside* and our *outside* would be completely medicated. By the way, the phrase *inside* is very expressive, and used as a general term by the common people when speaking of disease. Whatever be their internal complaint, they simply say that their *inside* is disordered; and when they recover, their *inside* is quite well again. This comes to just the same conclusion as all the learned phrases adopted by the empiric. While Dr. Brodum, Dr. Solomon, or some other *graduate* of the same fraternity, is, with a grave air, employed in feeling the patient's pulse and investigating symptoms; while his active imagination is, like the mole, pervading

* Nothing can be more ridiculous than the slavish obedience of some patients to the dictates of the doctor. A convalescent lately wrote from Bath to his physician in London, to know whether he might eat sauce with his pork!

all the dark intricacies of the *viscera*, penetrating through every obstruction to the *abdomen*, and eventually making its escape from the *anus* in a puff of *flatulency*; the patient contents himself with describing the sensations which he feels in his *inside*.

Before we animadvert on the imposition of modern Quacks, let us just glance at the history of medicine.

The Jews are the first people on record who practised the art of healing, which they probably learned from the Egyptians: but the Greeks, who worshipped *Æsculapius* as the god of medicine, first reduced that art to a regular system. Hippocrates is justly considered as the father of physic, being the most ancient author whose writings on that subject are preserved. The most celebrated physicians who succeeded him were *Asclepiades*, *Celsus*, and *Galen*.

After the subversion of the Roman empire the arts and sciences were totally eclipsed by the barbarous manners of the Europeans, and medicine was transplaced to the peaceful regions of Arabia. Before the crusades, several Hebrew, Arabian, and Latin professors of physic, settled at *Salernum*, where Charles the Great founded a college for their reception in the year 802.

The commencement of the sixteenth century was rendered memorable by the introduction of chemistry into medicine. Paracelsus* endeavoured to explain the art of healing on chemical principles at once fanciful and illu-

* Writers differ respecting Paracelsus. Turner asserts, that
 “ though he boasted he could make man immortal, he died at
 “ forty-

illusory.—This was the origin of Quackery, which has since been more destructive to mankind than the sword. Empiricism has, in numberless instances, destroyed the health and morals of the credulous voluptuary, who, while grasping present pleasures, is regardless of the inevitable consequences.

Medical imposture was early practised in England by Edward the Confessor. That *Royal Quack* pretended to cure the scrofula, or King's Evil, by a *touch*! The fingers of modern monarchs have no such miraculous property; nay, it is well known that, instead of healing the sick, many of them have been destroyers of the health and happiness of the human species.

The absurd practice of touching for the King's Evil was continued so late as the reign of Queen Anne; and Dr. Johnson, while in his infancy, was one of the last of those patients who underwent that farcical operation*.

The

forty-seven years of age;" and a modern author informs us, that "Paracelsus, although he pretended to have in his possession the stone of immortality, died in his fiftieth year. His vegetable sulphur was a healing and stimulating remedy, similar to the Anodyne liquor of Hoffman." According to the account given by Libavius, this vaunting imposter died at Salzburg, in Germany, in the year 1541, in consequence of his indulgence and dissipation.

* The following account, extracted from the Miscellanies of John Aubrey, esq. will evince the credulity of our ancestors respecting the miraculous cure of diseases.

"Our English Chronicles do record, that in the reign of King
■ 3
Henry

The institution of the Royal College of Physicians in London was a powerful restraint on Quackery in this country. This college was founded by the public spirit of Thomas Linacre, physician to Henry VIII. Linacre "had beheld, with concern, the practice of this most useful art chiefly engrossed by illiterate monks and empirics. To strike at the root of this evil, he therefore obtained, by his interest with Cardinal Wolsey, letters

Henry the Third, a child was born in Kent, that, at two years old, cured all diseases. Several persons have been cured of the *King's Evil*, by the touching or handling of a seventh son.

"It is certain that the touch of a dead hand hath wrought wonderful effects, *e. g.*—One, a painter of Stowel, in Somersetshire, near Bridgewater, had a wen in the inside of his cheek, as big as a pullet's egg, which, by the advice of one, was cured by once or twice touching, or rubbing, with a dead woman's hand.

"In Somersetshire, it is confidently reported, that some were cured of the *King's Evil* by the touch of the Duke of Monmouth. The Lord Chancellor Bacon, saith, '*That imagination is next kin to miracle-working faith.*'

"When King Charles the First was prisoner at Carisbrook Castle, there was a woman touched by him, who had the *King's Evil* in her eye, and had not seen in a fortnight before, her eye-lids being glued together; as they were at prayers (after the touching) the woman's eyes opened. Mr. Seymour Bowinan, with many others, were eye-witnesses of this.

"Arise Evans had a *fungous nose*, and said it was revealed to him that the *King's hand* would cure him: and at the first coming of King Charles II. into St. James's Park, he kissed the *King's hand* and rubbed his nose with it; which disturbed the King, but cured him."

patent

patent from Henry VIII. dated in the year 1518, constituting a corporate body of regular bred physicians in London ; in whom should reside the sole privilege of admitting persons to practise within that city, and a circuit of seven miles around it ; and also of licensing practitioners throughout the whole kingdom, except such as were graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, who, by virtue of their degree, were independent of the college, except within London and its precincts. The college had likewise authority to examine prescriptions and drugs in apothecaries' shops : and their censures were enforced with the power of inflicting fines and imprisonment."

Notwithstanding the vigilance of this respectable body, empiricism from time to time committed depredations on the health of the people of England. Francis Anthony, an Englishman, after having studied medicine at Hamburgh, returned to his native country, and in the year 1598 published a treatise concerning a *panacea* extracted from gold. He commenced practitioner in London without a licence from the College of Physicians, in consequence of which he was fined 20*l.*, and imprisoned.

In the year 1610, Anthony, after his liberation, published a defence of his *aurum potable*, or potable gold ; in which, like other impostors, he affected the greatest candour in disclosing the process of his medicine, while he concealed the nature of its solution. After his death his son obtained a comfortable livelihood by the sale of his father's nostrum ; so willing are the unthinking part of mankind to continue the dupes of empiricism !

The belief that gold was possessed of medical virtues

seems to have been very general at this time throughout Europe. An English writer of the seventeenth century asserts, "that gold is the most perfect of all inanimate bodies, out of the power of any of the elements to corrupt or destroy, and the greatest cordial in the world; an excellent medicine against melancholy." Few persons will attempt to deny the cheering influence of gold; but though a purse of that precious metal might be efficacious in the cure of melancholy, the fact is, that most hypochondriacal patients have more gold than their exigencies require.

Indeed, the commencement of the seventeenth century may be justly considered as the æra of chemical empiricism, when the genius of medicine pervaded and analysed the four elements in search of immortality, the vital principle supplied by the air, induced fanciful theorists to imagine that it contained a degree of medical virtue yet undiscovered. We are informed "that Dr. Majo hath found that the air is impregnated with a *nitro-aërial spirit*, and that it is diffused almost throughout the whole system of nature; and that fire itself, as to its form and essence, is nothing else but the same spirit put into motion; and that all fermentations, whether tending to generation, perfection, or corruption, depend on this spirit *."—Now, pray, what is the vivifying property attributed to *oxygen gas* by Dr. Beddoes, Mr. Davy, and other whimsical theorists, but a revival of this opinion? So true is the observation of Solomon—"There is nothing new under the sun."

* Turner's Curiosities of Art, p. 8.

On the Continent, the pursuit of an imaginary panacea was prosecuted with a degree of enthusiasm bordering on phrensy. An undefinable property of nature, which pseudo-philosophers denominated *original matter*, was sought for in various substances. Gold, from its known purity and durability, was supposed to contain the principles of immortality; and the common people of Italy, France, and Germany, denied themselves necessities that they might purchase a little of the *miraculous tincture of gold*!

While the alchymist was busied in dissolving the *heaviest* of metals, other sages were engaged in condensing that most *light* and volatile of the elements—*air*, into the form of powders or drops, for the re-invigoration of the human frame, and the restoration of youth and vigour to old age and imbecility. Time convinced these sages of the futility of such speculations; yet, during their chemical researches, they made some discoveries which have contributed to the health of man.

Another still more absurd body of impostors, the *Judicial Astrologers*, at this time misled mankind, and pretended that they had discovered the influence of the *œlestial* bodies on the human frame. It appears, indeed, that a very superficial knowledge of surgery and physic was sufficient to ensure the fame of the practitioner. Turner, in his *Wonders of Art*, tells us, with great gravity, “that a woman of Kenley, in Shropshire, generally known by the name of nurse Corfield, was so famed for her skill in surgery and physic, that it gave occasion for a great confluence of persons and patients to the town

where she lived. Many people, not only of the meaner sort, but of the gentry likewise, for thirty or forty miles distance, made their application to her; insomuch that the inns were filled with guests, and the house turned into an hospital, and her fame exceeded that of any other physician."—The same author endeavours to prove the communication between human beings and the inhabitants of the invisible world, by "An account of one Anne Jefferies, of Cornwall, who was fed for six months by a small sort of airy people called fairies; and of the strange and wonderful cures she performed with salves and medicines she received from them, for which she never took one penny of her patients."—It is remarkable that most of her cures were performed by *contact* and *stroking*, similar to the application of Perkins's *Metallic Tractors*: but how much more disinterested was this female worker of miracles, who relieved pain gratis, than Perkins, who requires five guineas for a pair of tractors of no greater efficacy than the famous *wooden skeevers* with which Dr. Haygarth has performed such miracles at Bath! Were our Quacks to imitate the disinterestedness of Anne Jefferies, they would be liable only to the charge of fanaticism; but it is evident that they are willing to publish *any fictitious* account of cures, and practise *any species* of medical imposture, to defraud the credulous of their money.

Even in the eighteenth century, notwithstanding the boasted knowledge and refinement of Europeans, several Quacks publicly asserted their power to cure every disease. Among the most remarkable of these, Messmer deserves

deserves particular notice, both on account of his ingenuity and temporary success.

In the year 1766, this German imposter, at his outset in Vienna, proposed to cure all diseases by *animal magnetism*. Contrary to the selfish conduct of modern Quacks, he converted his house into an hospital, and imparted the magnetic medicine *gratis*. In consequence of this *seeming benevolence*, his ascendancy over the imagination of the patient infinitely surpassed that of a belief in the healing property of *Perkins's Tractors*; nay, so *penetrating* was the magnetic fluid which Messmer pretended was centred in his own person, that we are told the nervous and hypochondriacal imagined they received blows similar to those given by a blunt piece of iron, though the operator was separated from them by two doors!

In a short time, however, the Germans began to question Messmer's miraculous powers, and to avoid detection he left Vienna and went to Paris, where he was received with marks of the greatest approbation by the curious, the gay, and the dissipated inhabitants of that luxurious capital. The *disinterested* Messmer now instituted a private society, where a number of pupils, who previously took an oath of secrecy, and deposited a sum of money, were instructed in the wonderful mysteries of animal magnetism. The immoral practices of several of his pupils led to a discovery of this lawless society of dupes and voluptuaries; in consequence of which the French government appointed a number of learned men to examine the pretensions of Messmer, and discover the

reality or imposture of the virtues ascribed to the magnet. "These philosophers," says a modern writer, "among whom we find the names of Franklin and Lavoisier, recognised, indeed, very surprising and unexpected phænomena in the physical state of magnetised individuals; but they gave it as their opinion, that the power of *imagination*, and not animal magnetism, had produced these effects. They perceived, after a number of experiments and facts frequently repeated, that *contact*, *imagination*, *imitation*, and *excited sensibility*, were the real and sole causes of these phænomena which had so much confounded the illiterate, the credulous, and the enthusiastic; that this boasted magnetic element had no real existence in nature; and consequently, that Messmer himself was either an arrant impostor, or a deceived fanatic."

While these medical and philosophical transactions amused the Parisians, our English itinerant sages went about doing good. The mountebank, clothed in green and gold, his sagacious head adorned with a tye-wig, and his beneficent hands filled with boluses and bottles, ascended the stage, while the Merry-Andrew, who had collected the people by *sound of trumpet*, approached, and vaulted up beside his master, with whom he entered into a humourous dialogue, and mimicked to the great delight of the surrounding populace. When the witticisms and feats of Mr. Merryman had softened the spectators into universal good-humour, the Doctor profited by their hilarity, and dispensed his nostrums to the credulous, who eagerly gave their money for the inestimable *box of pills*, *healing balm*, or *bottle of cordial*, which
were

were indued with virtues not only to cure existing diseases, but even to operate as a kind of *magical preventive* of every ailment.

When any of these itinerant empirics by dint of perseverance and enterprise had realised a property, he became a *resident physician* in London, assumed consequence, and, like modern Quacks, lived sumptuously on the liberality of his dupes.

Having given a short sketch of the history of Quackery, we shall now proceed to analyse the writings of some notorious modern empirics, who, not content with eminence in their wonderful profession of working miracles, seem desirous of aspiring to literary fame.

The first of these distinguished personages is Dr. Brodum, whose medicines have so long been the theme of paragraphists. This ingenious man is a German Jew; he attended Dr. Bössy in quality of a footman, when that beneficent sage came over to enlighten the eyes of the English, and with him made the tour of England. Having obtained the knowledge of several medical terms, by being present at the lectures of his eloquent master, this enterprising little lacquey resolved to commence Doctor himself. We are not certain whether the love of gain, or a desire to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, first induced Dr. Brodum to give up the science of shaving, dressing a wig, and brushing a coat, for the more elegant art of preparing the *Nervous Cordial* and *Botanical Syrup*; two medicines which, from the Doctor's knowledge of the Linnæan system of botany, we may consider as grand restoratives of nature. Perhaps

haps his medical skill was communicated in a vision by some *demon* of the German *Illuminati*. But it is not improbable that the secret of preparing the above-mentioned medicines is hereditary in his family, as the Doctor himself seems to insinuate, when he tells us in his "*Guide to Old Age*," that "there is no other person of the name of Brodum in England." Many are the different mediums by which wisdom can be imparted to others. Count Cagliostro may have bequeathed to the Doctor the secret of *manufacturing* his *Baum de vie*; or, perhaps, the famous Count de St. Germaine communicated his recipe for the preparation of his *Tea for prolonging Life*.

The talisman, however, which metamorphosed a lacquey into a physician, was the diploma which the *benevolent* and *disinterested* professors in the Marischal college of Aberdeen sent to this enterprising foreigner. But whether that learned body accepted a pecuniary compensation of one pound thirteen shillings and three-pence three farthings sterling, as *Dr. Panglos* says they did from him, or whether the little German was liberal enough to send them a larger sum, is only known to the parties concerned *.

Soon

* The following extract of a letter from Professor Bentley, is an exculpation of *one* college of Aberdeen from the charge of conferring academical honours on impostors.

King's College, Aberdeen, 4th Nov. 1801.

SIR,

I think your concern for the character of your country is truly laudable, and I am happy in being able to assure you, that that of
the

Soon after the commencement of his medical career, the Doctor found a powerful auxiliary in the person of the late Quack Doctor Freeman's widow. His union with this *sapient female* contributed much to his *physical knowledge*; and if she prove a fruitful vine, their illustrious progeny; by a timely initiation into the principles of medical imposture, may be able to supply all the *dupes* and *fools* in Europe with remedies for every disease.

the *University and King's College, Aberdeen*, can be satisfactorily vindicated. Neither Solomon nor Brodum ever did or could obtain any academical honour from it. If the other College, which is totally unconnected with ours, and is about a mile off in New Aberdeen, be any-wise implicated, they will, I doubt not, vindicate themselves. And that they may, I have, in justice, communicated to their Professor of Medicine, Dr. Livingston, the subject of your favour this morning, and suppose you will hear from him, though he may not have time by this post.

When Candidates for Medical Degrees cannot be present, we are particularly strict in requiring ample certificates of their moral character, and of their literary and professional abilities, signed by two Gentlemen of the Faculty, who are themselves M. Ds; and we have generally the signatures of the first Physicians in London. It is likewise a regulation, that the candidate shall declare he is not, nor ever shall be, concerned in making or vending quack medicines.

Yours most faithfully,

JAMES BENTLEY.

Mr. ROBERT OGLE, Bookseller, Great-Turnstile, }
Hoiborn, London.

Having

Having travelled through different parts of England * like a public benefactor, generously dispensing medicines for a small compensation, the Doctor at length resolved to become a resident in this metropolis.

That merit, such as his, should go unrewarded, would have been an extraordinary instance of degeneracy in the English nation. A man who raised himself from the humble situation of a menial servant to the honourable avocation of working miracles, and who, without either genius or education, has been the author of a work which he says has already passed through upwards of fifty editions, must be a most wonderful being !

Every person who has the pleasure of an acquaintance with this curious little doctor, must acknowledge, that he is companionable and hospitable ; and so skilful in vocal music as to excite the risibility, if not the contempt, of the hearer. Indeed, he is so far from being phlegmatic, like the generality of his countrymen, that he is

* One instance of the Doctor's cunning deserves notice. It is said, that, at his commencement, he caused bills to be printed, and stuck up in different towns where he exhibited, offering a reward to whoever would find and restore a diamond ring, a watch, or some other valuable article, which he had lost. Hence John Bull was duped, and considered Dr. B. as a man of very great importance indeed ! We are not informed how long he continued his itinerant practice ; but if he did not, like his former master, *open the eyes of the credulous*, he certainly cured numbers of their *implicit confidence in the efficacy of Quack medicines*.

gifted

gifted with all the vivacity, effrontery, and address, characteristic of the accomplished lacquey.

A person with such multifarious endowments must be fully adequate to the important task of producing a treatise fraught with instruction, and calculated to guide the aspiring youth of *Old England* to the desirable attainment of a *premature old age* ; a consummation which they appear to be ambitious of arriving at with all possible celerity, if we may judge from the dissoluteness of their lives.

Let us now proceed to analyse that sublime and beautiful production of genius, entitled, "*A Guide to Old Age, or a Cure for the Indiscretions of Youth.*" The dedication is a most elegant specimen of the Doctor's literary abilities. He *modestly praises himself* as a public benefactor, who has contributed to the health of the people, and on that presumption he inscribes his pamphlet to the KING ! Although the Doctor has thus ventured to claim the patronage of our chief magistrate, as we may suppose, from a consciousness of his own integrity, had he lived in the reign of Alfred the Great, that prince would doubtless have exalted him to a very conspicuous situation.

As poetry and romance have so long tended to vitiate the public taste, Dr. Brodum has endeavoured to counteract such frivolity by *profound observations* on different diseases. It is evident, indeed, that the genius of the sage produced this volume by many a nocturnal incubation, while the goddess of dulness herself leaned forward from her leaden throne, to claim the new-born progeny of the
brain

brain as her own. Instead of adhering to the precept of Horace, and drinking wine, the Doctor most certainly quaffed porter during his studies; in consequence of which he has descended to the very depths of the bathos, farther than any other medical writer, except his profound contemporary Dr. Solomon *.

The compiler of *Literary Memoirs of Living Authors*, speaking of Dr. Brodum, calls him "one of those empirics in physic, and newspaper puffers, whose machinations are gulphs to the current of life." How illiberal! Can a man who devotes his studies to the benefit of the *public* and *himself* deserve so harsh a censure? nay, was it not invidious in the critic to omit the name of Dr. Solomon, whose pamphlet was equally entitled to his observation? Dr. Brodum in this, and every other, instance of invidious animadversion on his public services, may console himself with the reflection, that *great men* have ever been subject to the empoisoned shafts of calumny, and

* As curiosities of literature, the pamphlets of Drs. B. and S. are equally entitled to the notice of the speculatist, who delights to contemplate human nature in all its varieties. Both these medical treatises were written under the influence of such superlative dulness and vanity, that it would be difficult to decide which is best entitled to our contempt. Indeed they are completely *somnific*, and persons who regret the inefficacy of the Nervous Cordial, and the Balm of Gilead, may find a temporary alleviation of pain in the perusal of the "Guide to Old Age," and the "Guide to Health," the soporific pages of which will lull the reader to repose, and be useful as an effectual opiate, superior even to opium in stupefying the brain.

"that

“that censure is a tax which a man must pay to the public for being eminent.”

The efficacy of the Doctor's medicines is supported by a *cloud of witnesses*, consisting of letters from correspondents, most of whom probably occupy garrets in this metropolis, though the letters are said to have been sent from different parts of Great Britain. Very much to the credit of Dr. B. he is said to patronise genius, by liberally rewarding the authors of those elegant advertisements with which he occasionally adorns our newspapers. Surely a man of feeling must be in a most deplorable state of penury before he can bring himself to prostitute his talents in support of Quackery ! He may, like the apothecary in the play, exclaim, “my poverty, and not my will, consents :” but let him consider that such an evasion will not silence conscience at the hour of death.

As the principal part of Dr. B.'s pamphlet consists of an account of cases, and cures said to have been effected by the administration of his nostrums, we shall pass them as totally uninteresting to the *lovers of truth*. Indeed, the Guide to Old Age is the most complete system of *pseudology* ever published, except the very elegant and elaborate treatises written by his brethren Dr. Solomon and Mr. D. B. Perkins.

This sublime and beautiful production naturally sinks to the true *profundity obscure*, as we approach the magical finis. Speaking of his Botanical Syrup, Dr. B. asserts, that, “*he is not a nostrum vender*,” and requests the reader to “ask for Dr. B.'s Syrup, because there are various sorts of syrup advertised in tin bottles.”

The

The Doctor, like a beneficent philosopher, says, that "any lady or gentleman who is *exceedingly ill*, had better make a personal application, that he may have it in his power to give prescriptions or other advice. Any lady or gentleman, whose case will not permit them to quit their own houses, may be *waited upon* with the greatest attention by the Doctor at five guineas a-week."—This moderate fee bespeaks the benignity and piety of the learned Doctor; for it is clear that being a *Jew*, and most of his *wise patients* professing Christianity, he will attend on the Jewish and Christian sabbath *gratis*.

As a still further proof of the excellence of his medicines, Dr. B. has published the affidavit of a John M'G. who must be a man of a very lively imagination. He swears, that he "received *astonishing benefit* by taking the Nervous Cordial, which was recommended to him by a medical man;" very probably by Dr. B. himself! and he concludes this *tremendous oath*, by swearing that he was cured "of a bilious fever, yellow jaundice, and palpitation of the heart." The latter part of this affidavit is remarkable for the wily caution with which it is worded; for the deponent does not *swear* that it was Dr. Brodum's Nervous Cordial which cured him of a complication of diseases; he leaves that to the judgment of the reader, whose credulity must be *astonishing* indeed, if *such an oath* can prompt him to swallow a nostrum.

The Guide to Old Age is, like Solomon's Guide to Health, embellished with a portrait of the author; so that the happy convalescent may contemplate the benign
lineaments

lineaments of his benefactor. Indeed, if viewed with the scrutinising eye of a physiognomist, it might be found that Dr. B.'s portrait presented *traits* of *servility* and *cunning* unworthy of the countenance of a philosopher.

When we reflect, however, on the national benefit of universal health bestowed by those *retailers* of *sanity*, or *miracle-mongers*, we must rejoice in the idea that agriculture, manufactures, and every art and science, may now be pursued without the interruption of sickness. Public-spirited men, like our *advertising physicians*, have a claim on the national gratitude, and are justly entitled to civic honours. If a Roman who saved the life of a citizen was considered as a benefactor to the state, how much more should such men as Dr. Brodum and Dr. Solomon, who have saved thousands, be rewarded and honoured? Would it not be worthy of British generosity to open a subscription for the purpose of erecting statues of these *good men*. The statues might be placed as ornaments to the front of Newgate, one on the right side, and the other on the left of that awful spot, whence so many youthful heroes take their flight to the world unknown. The victim of vice, whom the laws of his country had doomed to an untimely grave, might then point to the statues, and moralise, with his last breath, on the beneficial effect of *nostrums*, while he acknowledged, that the promise of *renovated health* had induced him to continue his *career of depravity*, and to wander through the haunts of impurity and disease, till excess, like a flame to the oil, *exhausted his constitution*, and pernicious habits drove him to an
open

open violation of the laws of that society which had
"cast him off like a detested sin!"

Among other proofs of his superior penetration and sagacity, Dr. B. informs us, that "there is no other person of the name of Brodum in England." To this observation some cynical readers might be induced to reply, that the people of England might have been just *as well* without the Doctor himself. Such cavillers, however, should consider what an extraordinary person he must be, who can, with a single glance, survey a nation! Perhaps this wonderful strength of sight was communicated by his master, Dr. Bossy, who travelled so long through England *enlightening the eyes* of the people, but whose own optics are now, alas, closed for ever!

The Panopticon, invented by Beetham, was a mere trifle compared with the extensive range of Dr. B.'s sight; and he might be employed to good purpose as a kind of *animated telegraph*, if placed at the Admiralty. "But who," cries a lover of medicine, with indignation—"who would convert a philosopher into a telegraph? No, no; the Doctor is too valuable to the community to be made a mere machine of, though several wrong-headed people obstinately assert that we should enjoy *better health* if there was *no person of the name of Brodum in England*."

It appears that this aspiring little Jew "*would be a soldier*." When the magnanimous Mr. Reeves sounded the *tocsin* of alarm, and taylor, barbers, artificial florists, and men-milliners, rushed to arms in defence of *their property*,

erty, the Doctor, not content with pursuing one species of destruction, became ambitious of distinguishing himself as a *man-queller* in the tented field! Accordingly, in an evil hour, he became a member of the St. James's corps of volunteers, to the great consumption of his roast beef and wine; for he, with true *Jewish* hospitality, invited several of his brother soldiers to dinner from time to time, and by the *eloquence* of *good cheer*, endeavoured to obtain their suffrages in promoting him to the rank of an officer. Disgusted at the idea of being commanded by an *Israelite*, the corps, very much to their honour, repressed the ambition of our hero, who soon afterwards laid down his arms, and resumed his usual instruments of war, collected from the vegetable kingdom. It certainly was rather impolitic to reject poor Dr. B.; for had the war with France continued, a man of his wonderful versatility of genius might have been of essential service in a *military* as well as a *medical* capacity. A few drops of his *Nervous Cordial* would have operated as a most excellent *tonic* to raw soldiers on their first onset; and from the Doctor's uncommon powers of vision, he would have made an excellent *aid-de-camp*, as he was eminently qualified to reconnoitre the position of the enemy.

Very much to the honour of Dr. B. and his *dulcinea*, they both *cordially* agree in the beneficial properties of the Nervous Cordial. Indeed, whoever doubts the efficacy of this medicine, may obtain ocular demonstration of its benign influence in the transformation of a menial into a gentleman—an *itinerant empiric* into a *resident physician*,
regularly

regularly graduated at the Marischal College of Aberdeen. Nor does the excellent properties of this nostrum end here, for its influence over the *credulous* is so great, that like Fortunatus's purse, it supplies its ingenious inventor with money, which enables him to live very comfortably. Such are the excellent *moral and physical effects of quackery*.

Let us now turn our attention from the principal advertising physician of London to another sage, the notorious Dr. Solomon, of Liverpool; who, like his competitor for public patronage, is a Jew, an empiric, and an author.

This *graduate* has, like Dr. B. been authorised by the philanthropic professors of the Marischal College of Aberdeen to practise as a physician.

His pamphlet, entitled, *A Guide to Health*, is manifestly written to promote the sale of his nostrum; for, like the miserable production of the German Quack, there are few medical precepts in the volume that can be of the smallest utility. Yet while we regret the total want of medical knowledge, and the vulgar obscenity of Dr. S. we cannot but admire the diffidence with which he begins his Introduction: "This book," says he, "being calculated for private individuals, there is no one in the English language that will be of more use to them!" Modest and unassuming sage; the reader must doubtless become strongly prepossessed in favour of a production so candidly approved by its author!

After the introduction, the reader is presented with an *advertisement*, which informs him, that "the Guide to Health

Health has been pirated, and many spurious copies are in circulation." To counteract this, the Doctor has signed "his name on each book *with a pen.*" Most persons who are endowed with common sense will readily agree with the Doctor, that *all* the copies which they have ever seen of the *Guide to Health*, were not only *spurious guides*, but pernicious both to health and morals. It must be very pleasing to the lovers of literature, however, to find that a philosopher, like Dr. Solomon, can *write his name*; and what is more extraordinary still, it appears that this celebrated name is written "*on a book*;" and to raise our astonishment to the highest degree of sublimity, gentle reader, Dr. Solomon writes "*with a pen.*"—Information still more valuable, especially to the *credulous*, is communicated by the latter part of this curious advertisement, where the Doctor tells us, that "the public may be assured they are attempted to be imposed upon:" a confession which proves that Dr. Solomon is a *very conscientious* man! Probably he apprehended *approaching dissolution*, when he honestly made this public avowal of imposition. Be that as it may, every sensible man will *cordially* coincide with Dr. Solomon, that the various attempts made by *Quack Doctors* to defraud the public are but too often successful.

Speaking of nervous diseases, the Doctor says—"As nervous and hypochondriac complaints are much more prevalent in Europe than is generally imagined, I have been very attentive to their method of cure, and hope the following will prove as good a treatise on these diseases as any extant." Can we sufficiently admire the

elegance of the style, and the *spirited egotism* which animates this interesting extract.

In page 36 we are informed, "that the most learned physicians have been unable to discover in the Cordial Balm of Gilead the least particle of mercury, antimony, iron, or any other mineral except gold, pure virgin gold, and the true balm of Mecca." What an excellent alchemist! Without doubt Doctor Solomon has converted all the *gold* sent to him by the public into *cordial balm* for the relief of the diseased. The costly preparation of this nostrum at once accounts for the scarcity of the gold in circulation; Dr. Solomon has dissolved our guineas into balm! Let us no longer express our disapprobation of bank notes; for where is there a man so selfish who would not give his last seven-shilling piece for so patriotic a purpose as to preserve the health of the nation?

Doctor Solomon does not tell us by what means the wonderful secret of mingling gold with the balm of Mecca was first communicated to him. Perhaps the *inspiring dove* of MAHOMET flew from Mecca to the Doctor with the healing balm on its wings, and incited him to impose upon the vile Christians of England; thus, by a combination of *Jewish* and *Mahometan wisdom*, enabling the sage to work miracles.

Cavillers may say that the Doctor's pretensions to a new discovery in medicine is only a revival of the *chimerical* experiments of former deluded alchymists; but from his general professions of benevolence, it must be evident, that he not only means well, but is convinced
of

of the efficacy of his *Anti-Impetigines*. This *hard name* reminds us of the observations of a Spanish satyrist on Quack medicines:—"To hear Quacks call over their *simples*," says he, "would make you swear they were raising so many devils; such as Opopanex, Buphtalmas, Alektorolophos, Ophioscroden, and a great many more. And by all this formidable bombast is meant nothing in the world but a few simple roots, such as carrots, turnips, radishes, and the like. But they keep the old proverb in remembrance—*He that knows thee will never buy thee*: and, therefore, every thing must be made a mystery, to hold the public in ignorance."

The Doctor gives a long extract from the Medical and Physical Journal, describing the properties of the balm of Mecca, a drug which the superstitious folly of the eastern nations has exalted much above its value. The description, however, of this medicine will probably throw some light on the Doctor's nostrums; "the odour of this balm resembles a compound of rosemary and sage, partaking also, in a slight degree, of the nature of turpentine; besides which, it partially emits the flavour of lemons and mace!" Is it not extremely probable that Dr. Solomon's wonderful Anti-Impetigines, and Cordial Balm of Gilead, are composed of an intermixture of rosemary, sage, turpentine, lemons, and mace? Happy will it be for the credulous, if these nostrums are prepared from no worse materials, though even these may in some diseases prove fatal to the deluded patient!

"Very fat or corpulent persons," says Dr. Solomon, "should avoid the cold-bath; for their fibres are so

stuffed round, and as it were *bolstered up*, that they have no room to vibrate or contract, with the *sudden squeeze* of the bath : instead, therefore, of *enforcing* their *springs* and *shaking off* any unnecessary *incumbrances*, they will only be strained to no purpose, and consequently weakened ; for wheresoever an effort is made to remove any thing by an elastic body, if the first exertion fails, every impetus afterwards languishes, and the spring *is spoiled*." This specimen of Dr. Solomon's excellence in the bathos ought to be preserved as a literary curiosity, unequalled even by the *palpable obscure* of Dr. Brodum himself. The significance of those elegant and apposite phrases, *sudden squeeze*, *enforcing springs*, and the *languishing impetus*, in consequence of which the *spring is spoiled*, are so *unique* and expressive, that it would be difficult to find a passage so elegantly descriptive in the works of our best English writers.

It has been mentioned in the former part of this work, that the Doctor has adorned his elegant treatise with his portrait. Besides this embellishment, he has favoured the public with an engraving of his mansion in Liverpool. Hence the happy *few* who have been so fortunate as to outlive the effects of his *Cordial Balm* and *Anti-Impetigines*, may view the residence of their benefactor. A scale is annexed, by which it appears, that the body of this *consecrated tenement* is seventy feet long ; and undoubtedly, were the philanthropic proprietor exalted according to his merit, he would be placed by public justice in a situation as eminent and conspicuous as *that which conferred immortality on HAMAN*.

We

We are informed by puffing paragraphs in the newspapers, that “ Dr. Solomon has published a new and enlarged edition of his *Guide to Health*, consisting of ten thousand copies !” Does the miserable scribbler imagine that any one will believe this ? and must not fabricators of such pernicious falsehoods feel a degree of remorse for having recommended such ridiculous nostrums as the Anti-Impetigines to the credulous part of the community ? Such are the dreadful effects of the press being entrusted to the venal and profligate, who will not hesitate to publish any puff for money* !

It is really lamentable that his majesty’s attorney-general is not informed of such publications as Dr. Brodum’s *Guide to Old Age*, and Dr. Solomon’s *Guide to Health*. Perhaps the moment is approaching when he may take cognizance of these *moral essays*, and there can be little doubt that the sage and beneficent authors will be amply rewarded. Whoever publishes an obscene pamphlet is liable to fine, imprisonment, and the pillory. How much greater, then, should the *reward* be of such as endeavour to poison the health and morals of a people, by the propagation of falsehood and imposture ? In this

* The authenticity of the following curious anecdote will scarcely be doubted by any person except a dupe to Quackery. In consequence of an accident which happened through his own inadvertence, a Quack was obliged to send for a Physician, who, on feeling his pulse, declared that he was surprised to find him so much alarmed when there were such trifling symptoms of indisposition. “ Not so very trifling as you imagine,” replied the Quack, “ for to tell you the truth, *I have swallowed some of my own nostrum in a mistake.*”

this light the attorney-general may think proper to recommend a trip to Botany Bay to these beneficent doctors. There they might administer their nostrums to the colonists, and fraternise with their respectable friend and fellow-labourer for the public good, Mr. George Barrington !

On the other hand it may be asserted, that doctors of such transcendent skill could not be spared out of England. But as cavillers have often complained that our *advertising physicians* accept a pecuniary compensation for their public services, this might be obviated by placing them in some receptacle appropriated to the improvement of public morals—in *Bridewell* for instance. There they would have the pleasure of meeting with several of their former patients, not only restored to health, but employed in *preparing hemp* for the benefit of the community.

In this school of morality and physic, Dr. Brodum, Dr. Solomon, Mr. Perkins, Dr. Senate, and several other benign sages, might prepare and dispense their medicines *gratis*, and this mode of exercising their skill would effectually silence their calumniators. Among the various improvements of this enlightened age, we might then boast of having converted an *English House of Correction* into what it was originally designed to be—*A Temple of Health and Morality*; and advertising physicians would soon cease to impose upon the credulous part of the community*.

With

* The following observations of an indignant moralist in the year 1774, are but too applicable to the present time :

“ In

With regard to the respective merit of the German and English Quacks, it would be difficult to determine which is best entitled to our approbation. Dr. S. being a Jew of our own growth, probably considers Dr. B. as an interloper. We do not hear that either of these practitioners are popular among their brethren. The children

“ In every part of this kingdom we see noble institutions for the distempered poor ; but no pains are taken to rescue them out of the talons of impudent Empirics, especially of foreign impostors, who, to the disgrace of our legislature, are suffered to prey upon the purses and lives of our fellow-subjects, and are grown so hardened, through the toleration given them, as to beset us at every turn and corner in all parts of our great metropolis, with a false catalogue of their *infallible specifics*. I consider these impostors among the most dangerous pests of this society. They wage eternal war against the public health ; and working upon the whim, the timidity, the despair, the hope, or superstition of weak minds, debilitated still more perhaps by a sickly frame of body, they scruple not to assert any falsehood whatever that may inveigle these *deluded victims* to their sacrifice.

“ Finding their bare *assertion* insufficient to establish the credibility of their miracles, they have recourse to pretended proof by oath. For this appeal to the Deity, being the highest evidence which human laws have been able to devise, they are perfectly aware, that the same means which gain belief in courts of justice, may engage it likewise to admit the veracity of their *pretended cures*. Thus the supreme test of truth which ought to be kept sacred in the hands of the executive power, for the ends of public good and justice, becomes audaciously prostituted every day, by these unprincipled miscreants, these panders of perjury, who strike the balance of population, and will not suffer the race to increase !”

—*Sketches of the Times*, p. 111.

of *Abraham* are too cunning to give their *monish* for either the Nervous Cordial or even the Balm of *Gilead* itself! Indeed, the incredulity of the Israelites is proverbial. Dr Solomon is doubtless skilled in the virtues of every simple, “from the cedar that grows in Lebanon to the hyssop that grows on the wall;” and he even seems to excel the German empiric by experiments upon those *assenine bipeds* who swallow his cordial. Fair dames, who are desirous to imbibe instruction at the fountain head, have now a fine opportunity to gratify their curiosity: and we may expect to hear of some fashionable *demireps* visiting the *wise man* of Liverpool, as the Queen of Sheba did his namesake at Jerusalem.

Dr. Senate, like a benevolent philosopher, has endeavoured to remedy the waste occasioned by the sword, by *Lozenges of Steel*, which will render even sterility itself prolific. It is remarkable that the Quack should think it necessary, in a public advertisement, to “declare solemnly that no person living, except himself and another person, ever saw or has any knowledge of the preparation from which Les Pastilles Martiales de Montpellier, or Aromatic Lozenges of Steel, are prepared.”—This metal has ever been either an excellent friend or formidable enemy to the human race, according to the use to which it was applied. The Poet says,

“What time would spare from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like man, submit to fate;
Steel could the labours of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th’ imperial tow’rs of Troy;

Steel

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground ;
 What wonder then, fair dame, thy health should feel
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel !

Indeed there is the greatest probability that such ladies as are rash enough to swallow the *metalline tonic* of Dr. S. will have but too much reason to agree with the poet.

Few persons will have the hardihood to deny the power of steel. As a *political medicine*, it has been pretty liberally dispensed on the Continent, to the destruction of myriads of the human species ; but how pills of the same metal can be conducive to population, is extremely paradoxical indeed.

Peace is rather inauspicious to the Doctor's celebrity ; for his lozenges will undoubtedly fall into disrepute, in consequence of the return of our soldiers and sailors. The most sceptical mortal will hardly doubt that the exertions of those heroes will increase the population of the United Kingdom more in *one year*, than the universal administration of the Lozenges of Steel would be able to effect in *a century*.

Next to the physicians who have recommended internal medicines to the public, may be mentioned those eminent surgeons who have distinguished themselves by *professing* to cure external ailments.

The most remarkable of these is Mr. B. D. Perkins, whose far-famed Tractors have dispensed health in both hemispheres. So just is the eulogium of the poet—

“ Arm'd with twin skewers, see Perkins, by main force,
 Drag the foul fiend from Christian and from horse ! ”

In the preface of a pamphlet, entitled "The Influence of the Metallic Tractors on the Human Body," we are informed, that "the writer has crossed the Atlantic and become a resident of London*", that he may devote his time and attention to the diffusion of this important discovery, and its application to the relief of the miseries of mankind."

Excellent and philanthropic young man! disinterested son of a generous father! thou hast ventured thy life over the innumerable waves of the vast Western Ocean, and hastened on the wings of Zephyrus, with *healing in thy Tractors*, to remove diseases from Britain! What reward can be adequate to thy services! If the small remuneration of five guineas a *brace* be an insufficient compensation, thou mayest, *O friend Perkins*, receive the more glorious recompense of academic honours, which the professors of the liberal sciences in Aberdeen are so willing to bestow, *gratuitously*, on merit. But perhaps, friend, the price of a few sets of thy Tractors might accelerate this desirable event; and it is not improbable, that, instead of a personal examination, the sage professors would be content with examining the *bank-notes* inclosed in thy letter.

Although Mr. P. has obtained a patent, he observes that it is not his intention to withhold the advantages of the discovery from the public, who may be supplied with his curious instruments for the moderate price of *five guineas a set*, which Mr. P. considers as a *trifle*!

After giving what he calls an historical sketch of the

* Dr. Johnson calls London "the needy villain's general home."

discovery,

discovery, Mr. P. authenticates the efficacy of his wonderful Tractors by a number of experiments.

A letter written by J. Tilton, an American M. D. contains the following passage :—" Even Messmer, in his application of the metals, was patronised by the ablest physicians in Germany, until he covered and obscured those simple facts, which should have been improved for the benefit of society, *with empirical frauds, that had no object beyond the accumulation of money.*" Had this learned Doctor addressed the inventor of the Metallic Tractors with—" *Go, and do thou likewise,*" he might have proved that he had been *advised* to practise *imposture* ; but now what can he say for himself? May he not with propriety exclaim—" Not content with imposing on my countrymen, I have sent my dearly-beloved son to profit by the credulity of Britons" ?

In this pamphlet Mr. P. asserted, that the Tractors would cure a burn or scald in a few minutes ; and the Monthly Reviewers have recommended an experiment to him, which would certainly put both himself and the Tractors to a complete *ordeal*.

" As the Tractors are generously presented to the public at only five guineas a pair, it is clear that one pair would suffice to cure all the burns and scalds of a large parish. If Mr. P. or any admirer of the discovery, would submit to have *a red-hot poker* run into some part of his body not necessary to life, in any public coffee-house within the bills of mortality, and would afterwards heal the wound in the presence of the company in ten minutes,

nutes, or in half as many hours, by means of the *Tractors*, the most iron-hearted infidel could not resist such a demonstration.

“ We are rejoiced on Mr. Perkins’s account to find that the Connecticut Society had only denounced him as a *Messmerist* ; we trembled lest he should have been put into the inquisitorial hands of the old women as a white witch.

“ To trace the relations and dependencies of projects similar to that of Dr. Perkins, would now be a work of more labour than utility. The fund of public *credulity* is an inexhaustible resource for those who *can resolve to levy contributions on it*. In vain is the spirit of Quackery exorcised in one form ; it rises again immediately, ‘ with twenty ghastly murders on its head, to push us from our stools.’ We who have contemplated the progress of real knowledge, during a long course of years, have seen many bubbles like this glitter for a moment, and then disappear for ever. People may talk of *Messmerism* and *Perkinism* ; but we consider all such varieties as belonging to the old and extensive class, *Charlatanism* *.”

A philosopher, like a prophet, is not esteemed in his own country. This is evident from the opposition which Dr. Perkins has experienced in the *metallic* practice. The magicians of former ages used only a *single wand* in their conflicts with demons ; but, for the greater certainty, Mr. P. has provided himself and his disciples with a *pair of weapons*, being thus prepared to parry as

* Monthly Review for April, 1799, p. 464.

well as strike in their encounters with the demon of disease.

Very much to the honour of the clerical body, there are not wanting a number of *reverend abettors* of Mr. P.'s philosophy. Indeed, had the patentee lived in a superstitious age, he would probably either have been *burned as a magician*, or *worshipped* as a legitimate descendant of Esculapius himself! Even in this age of reason, when water-closets are constructed on mathematical principles, we find that excellent man, the Rev. D. T. *troting* or *scampering* about from house to house, and working miracles on the burnt hands of our *silly women* with the *Tractors*.—*O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!* that a man, whose avocation should be the dispensing of the bread of life to a Christian household, should spend his time in applying *two skewers* to the *inflamed* and *inflaming* eyes, bosoms, and hands, of the fair sex! Certainly this poor man, like the sapient Lord R*****, is under the influence of Mr. Perkins's American familiar demon, which probably was first conjured up from the abyss of the Atlantic Ocean by the incantations of Dr. Franklin.

Nor is poor Dr. T. the only divine who suffers by the morbid influence of this delusion; the Rev. Mr. N——, and several others who profess the knowledge of the truth, have become so much infatuated as to “speak smooth things, and prophesy deceits,” respecting the virtue of American iron. Is there not some reason to suspect that this shocking deception is occasioned by a mental disease, and that the *love of Mammon* has instigated these fanatics to perambulate like sorcerers,
armed

armed with a pair of iron skewers, and exorcising the demons of gout, rheumatism, nay, even the god of fire, in the name of Dr. Perkins ?

Mr. P. confines the magical influence of his Tractors to the cure of *topical diseases* ; but has he tried their efficacy in cases of internal complaint ? Perhaps these admirable bits of metal might, by timely application, reduce the *tympany*, a disease to which our *female philosophers* are particularly subject. During his operation on the fair patient, Mr. P. might be able to discover, by his *olfactory nerves*, whether the disease was occasioned by flatulency, or proceeded from some indigestible substance.

This *humane* and *disinterested* young man has published a second pamphlet, in which “ the fallacious attempt of Dr. Haygarth to detract from the merits of the Tractors, are detected and fully confuted.” This elegant and elaborate treatise, however, is severely criticised by the Monthly Reviewers, who, contrary to the laws of hospitality, and not having *the fear of the Metallic Tractors before their eyes*, appear determined to expose Mr. Perkins’s deceptions. How impolite ! would it not have been more liberal in these critics to have exclaimed with my uncle Toby, “ Go, poor devil, there is room enough in the world for us and thee. Practise thy impositions as long as thou findest the people credulous enough to be duped by thy assertions and the letters of hypocrites” ?

Mr. P. imports his Tractors from America in parcels of two hundred sets, *valued by him* at one thousand guineas ! Suppose this miraculous surgeon should dis-
pose

pose of only the above-mentioned number every week ; on an average we should exchange fifty-two thousand guineas annually for *base-metal* ! O Englishmen ! how long will you suffer yourselves to be imposed upon by the artifices of empirics ! How long will you, confessedly the most wealthy and sensible nation on earth, permit Quack Doctors to prey upon the fruits of your industry !

Many credulous and foolish people in this island, especially in the metropolis, are very opulent, and often imagine themselves indisposed when only labouring under the torpor of indolence. Such beings will purchase any nostrum, however ridiculous ; and their imagination being roused and amused by making experiments, the animal spirits acquire a greater degree of activity, and the doltish individual fancies himself restored to a lively state of health by such a miraculous operation as rubbing two iron skewers along his *epidermis* !

Some metals, if they cannot relieve pain, certainly communicate pleasure by contact. This is experienced in the agreeable sensations felt by the nerves when one receives a purse of gold. Doubtless the *pure palm* of Mr. Perkins has often itched for money, or he would never have ventured so far to impose upon credulous Englishmen, and barter his iron for our guineas. Indeed, if Doctor Solomon continues to dissolve our gold into Cordial Balm, and Mr. Perkins sends such vast quantities of it to America, that article will soon become so scarce, that we shall not have one guinea to rub against another !

Although the Monthly Reviewers had given their decision

cision against Perkins's Tractors, he very sagaciously contrived to have a number of his bills sewed in with the cover of that publication, concluding that the public would think he had the sanction of the editor. The fact is, the editor knew nothing of the transaction, and the *spirited* and *unbiassed* critics who support that elegant Review, have since published their approbation of Dr. Haygarth's Essay, and their decisive censure of Mr. Perkins's feeble attempt to refute the Doctor's reasoning*.

And now, courteous reader, as we have investigated the claims, and exposed the fallacy, of the *four principal empirics who infest England*, little remains to be said on this subject. It is true there are several other *miracle-mongers* of inferior note; such as the vender of Leake's Patent Pills; Dr. Barton's *Vital Wine*; and that still more *volatile cordial*, *Oxygen Gas*. But these, as well as Dr. Squirrel's Tonic Drops and Powders, Godbold's Vegetable Balsam, and De Velno's Vegetable Syrup, are too insignificant to require animadversion. Let us now compare the impostors of the present day with those who flourished, like *rank* and *obscene* weeds, in this capital a few years ago. The comparison will demonstrate the superior genius of former empirics over our contemporaries.

* See Monthly Review for August, 1801, in which the absurdity of resorting to such *wretched palliatives* as two bits of metal, is exposed with that peculiar plesantry and happy vein of humour for which the Reviewers are so remarkable.

The

The first of those *departed philosophers* who once came to London with promises of perpetual health and pleasure, was the famous Doctor Graham, a Quack, whose enterprising genius excelled Dr. Brodum and Dr. Solomon*.

Graham

* Whoever will compare the following advertisement of Dr. G. with the *dull egotism* that prevails in the puffs of our modern Quacks, will be convinced of the superiority of the former, which, however extravagant, is entertaining.

TEMPLE OF HEALTH, ADELPHI.

To their Excellencies the Foreign Ambassadors, to the Nobility, Gentry, and to Persons of Learning and Taste.

This and To-morrow Evening, exactly at Eight o'Clock,

The Celestial Brilliancy of the Medico-electrical Apparatus of the Temple will be exhibited by Dr. GRAHAM himself, who will have the honour of explaining the true nature and effects of electricity, air, music, and magnetism, when applied to the human body.

In the introductory oration, the whole art of enjoying health and vigour of body and mind, and of preserving and exalting personal beauty and loveliness; or, in other words, of living with health and happiness in this world, for at least an hundred years; is pointed out, and warmly inculcated.

Previous to the display of the electrical fire, the Doctor will delicately touch upon the Celestial Beds, which are soon to be opened in the Temple of Hymen, in Pall-Mall, for the propagating of Beings rational, and far stronger and more beautiful in mental as well as in bodily endowments, than the present puny, feeble, and nonsensical race of probationary immortals, which crawl, and fret, and politely play at cutting one another's throats for nothing at all, on this terra-queous globe.

This

Graham spoke with decision, and promised his dupes that they should "live with health, honour, and happiness in this world at least one hundred years." Yet, poor man, he died of *premature old age* in Edinburgh, and

This apparatus, which visibly displays, as it were, the various faculties of the material soul of universal and eternal nature, is acknowledged by all, who have seen it, to be by far the largest, most useful, and most magnificent, that now is, or that ever was, in the world."

Since the first edition of this work was published, the egotism of modern Quacks has assumed a more hyperbolic style, as if in emulation of Dr. G.

In *The Observer*, Dr. Brodum informs us, that, "To the honour of the present age, his Guide to Old Age, together with his Nervous Cordial and Botanical Syrup, are in as high and universal request as if they had been ushered into the world by the whole College of Physicians; and the health-restoring resident of Albion-place stands as high in medical repute as the great body corporate combined, who occupy the grand palladium of physic in Warwick-lane."

This modest instance of *self-praise* is excelled by a paragraph in one of the Bath newspapers. "If any discovery could possibly add laurels to the fame of Dr. Solomon, after the many services he has rendered the community by his invaluable Balm of Gilead, it is certainly that most excellent medicine the Anti-Impetigines, the discovery of which is not to be paralleled in the whole *Materia Medica*."

These *diffident sages* must feel a consciousness of the benefit derived by society from their medical labours; and perhaps they may be considered as the weeders of the human race, who, by the removal of dissolute and diseased dupes to Quackery, leave room for the healthy part of the community to flourish.

his

his dissolution was accelerated by intemperance. Our modern Quacks are too cunning to mention any particular period of longevity, lest their pretensions should be compared with those of former deceivers. Even as literary candidates, the performance of Dr. S. and Dr. B. will shrink into insignificance when contrasted with the energy which animates Dr. Graham's advertisements; and he informs us, that his pamphlet "run through three large editions in one week;" a sale unequalled by the pretended extensive circulation mentioned by Dr. Solomon in his newspaper puffs.

A Mr. Lattese evinced wonderful superiority of skill to that of Dr. Senate. The latter, indeed, by the aid of his martial-lozenges, proposes to *confer fecundity*; but Mr. Lattese, in his researches, discovered a secret by which parents, who were desirous of an heir male, "*should positively have a boy!*"—Could Dr. Senate perform such a miracle, there is little doubt that, like the Spartans of ancient Greece, we should soon be the most warlike people in modern Europe. Heroes, whose origin was derived from steel, would certainly be invincible, and adorn their native land with military glory. But should the Doctor's lozenges inspire children of *both* sexes with *martial* ardour, we might dread the revival of Amazonian valour, and all the concomitant horrors of *intestine commotion*.

Another empiric who flourished in this capital a few years since, was much superior to Mr. Perkins in the cure of *topical diseases*. This philosopher, the sapient Mr. Buzaglo, for "*a trifling expence*," cured the gout, rheuma-

rheumatism, &c. "though of ever so long standing, in the space of an hour, and restored within a few days *wasted calves* to their former state of fulness of flesh." He also informed the public, that "patients might agree for a *perfect cure, or by the month, by the year, or for life!*" How accommodating was this beneficent physician! Were Mr. Perkins to make similar proposals, what opulent patient would scruple to give him five guineas for a pair of skewers! It is much to be regretted that Buzaglo was not more liberally rewarded, as, in consequence of neglect, his inestimable secret is lost to the community. Might not a similar misfortune happen to poor Mr. Perkins, if the public should withdraw its patronage?

We shall conclude this article with an account of a few experiments made with the most popular Quack Medicines; observations on the general, *moral*, and *physical* effects of a belief in the efficacy of nostrums; and a few hints submitted to the consideration of Valetudinarians.

The following account of the effects of Quack Medicines administered by a respectable farmer, will illustrate their general utility.

Mr. Thomas Wilkinson, a rich farmer of Avondale, near Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, is one of those queer fellows who examine every novel improvement before they give it their sanction. With the greatest good-nature imaginable, this singular *true-born Englishman* is rather incredulous respecting the efficacy of nostrums; the excellent moral effects of the new philosophy;

osophy ; the equality of the sexes ; and similar paradoxes which engage the attention of the learned and ingenious in this enlightened age.

Possessing a sound constitution, in consequence of a life of temperance, Mr. W. is particularly incredulous with regard to human skill in the prevention and cure of disease. Indeed his aversion to the tribe of Esculapius is so great, that he often repeats the sentiment of Dryden, " God never *made* his work for man to *mend*," which he considers as an axiom. When slightly indisposed, a friend advised him to take a medicine ; but the farmer with a sarcastic smile replied, " Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it !" He has more respect for chirological skill ; for, as he justly observes, " a man who can bind up a fracture or dress a wound, is of real utility, while a physician who prescribes merely from observation, may sometimes aid, but will be more liable to obstruct the operations of nature."

This rural philosopher finding that several of his neighbours were under the influence of credulity, and that some of them had even gone so far as to *purchase patent medicines*, he resolved to undeceive them if possible. For this purpose he collected a quantity of the most celebrated nostrums, and convened the villagers on a bowling-green in front of his mansion, where, after giving them an excellent dinner in the style of true English hospitality, he produced his medicines, and ordered his servants to bring forward the patients on whom the experiments were to be tried.

An unfortunate *ass* was first produced, to the no small
amuse-

amusement of the villagers, but farmer Wilkinson requested them to be attentive: "You do not know," said he, "how much your own health depends on the success of my experiments this day." Saying this, he approached with great gravity, and administered a whole bottle of Dr. Brodum's *Nervous Cordial* to the poor quadruped, which, on swallowing the dose, brayed most horribly. The victim of Quackery then *fell down in a fit*, from which he was roused by throwing a pailful of water in his face; but had it not been for an emollient drench administered by a skilful farrier, the animal would certainly have expired under the operation of the nostrum.

The villagers were amazed, and looked with horror on the ass as he was led away to his stall. An old woman, however, who was as remarkable for her *eloquence* as her *obstinacy*, very judiciously observed, "that the farmer had not given the medicine a fair trial, for that only a few *tea-spoonfuls* should have been administered at once." The young people laughed at the idea of an ass being drenched with a tea-spoon; but Mr. Wilkinson declared, that he thought *Dame Crabtree* might be in the right; "You shall have a whole bottle of the *Nervous Cordial*," said he, "if you will consent to take a dose of it every evening, and I have no doubt that in a short time you will be cured of your propensity to scandal and scolding."—"No, thank ye," replied she, "you are very kind indeed; so you want to poison me as well as the poor ass, do you?"

A bottle of Doctor Solomon's *Anti-Impetigines* was then uncorked, and a *hog* brought forward as the patient

on whom its benign effects were to be tried. The animal yelled most hideously while the medicine was poured down its throat, and afterwards ran about as if mad, endeavouring to bite every thing within its reach. The women shrieked and took to their heels, but the men compelled the *swinish patient* to retire to the middle of the circle, which they formed round it, and in a few minutes it lay down, and continued to *grunt most piteously* till it fell fast asleep.—“There’s the blessed effects of nostrums for you, my friends,” cried Wilkinson, with an air of triumph; “I thought I should be able to develop imposture.”

While the people were employed in making philosophical reflections on the *medicated hog*, a *cat* was produced, and in spite of her mewling and scratching, she was compelled to swallow one of Dr. Senate’s *Lozenges of Steel*. To describe the convolutions and contortions of *poor puss*, would be impossible; no squirrel or monkey on a chain ever exhibited such a variety of postures, while her mewings expressed the pain which her bowels endured. A *salutary evacuation* afforded her relief; but the women whispered among themselves, that *no consideration* should induce them to suffer such agonies.

The last experiment was made with *Perkins’s Metallic Tractors*, a set of which had been purchased by Mr. W. in order to convince his neighbours of their *inefficacy*. He had received these wonderful instruments a few days before, and desired the village blacksmith to make him half a dozen iron skewers of the same size. An old kitchen poker was, by the force of fire, and the skill of the

the artist, transformed into a number of skewers, which, though not so well polished as the *Metallic Tractors*, were equally valuable in the estimation of the farmer. He first enquired whether any person present was afflicted with aches or pains. Dame Thomson came forward, and declared that she felt a slight rheumatic pain in one of her arms. "O we'll soon remove that," cried the farmer; "here are a pair of the famous *Metallic Tractors* that you have so often heard of; they cure *all pains*." Saying this, he applied the home-made skewers, and the woman, with apparent pleasure, exclaimed, "I protest, dear Sir, you have cured me already; my arm is quite well again!"

Wilkinson suppressed a laugh, and ordered his *house-dog* to be brought forward. Poor Pompey came, and the farmer desired one of his servants to sear the animal's foot slightly, that he might prove the efficacy of the *Tractors* in curing a burn. He then applied the *genuine American metal* to the burnt part, in presence of all his neighbours; but, notwithstanding the various geometrical figures which he drew upon the spot, Pompey continued to yelp and wail, and when let loose, limped away to his kennel.

The farmer then addressed the people:—"You have this day," said he, "discovered the inefficacy of Patent and Quack Medicines; let me never again hear any of you extol such ridiculous palliatives, which seem to mock pain and disease instead of giving relief. As for the miracle performed on the arm of Dame Thomson, it was effected by part of my old kitchen poker, which *Ben Perkins*,

Perkins, our blacksmith, took to the smithy yesterday and hammered into skewers." While he spoke, poor Mrs. Thomson, who had *only imagined* she was cured, felt a sudden tingling in her arm, and went home to wrap it up in flannel, while the rest of the villagers retired with a thorough conviction that the cures said to be performed by nostrums were imaginary, and that such preparations were only invented by fraudulent Quacks for the purpose of profiting by the credulity of mankind.

But the prejudice of an illiterate farmer can have little influence upon the enlightened and philosophic part of the community, who have long been advocates for wonderful discoveries;—miracles performed by *oxygen gas*, and the gradual progress of corporeal and mental *perfectibility*.

It is to be regretted, however, that empirical physicians continue detached; nay, even averse to each other; when they might, by a combination of their talents, contribute to the happiness of the public*.

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* When the ingenious Mr. Brodum first obtained the title of Doctor, he circulated a number of pamphlets giving an account of cures; but the printer, by transposition, made it appear as if the effects of the medicine had been pernicious:—"A young man of Shoe-lane, who had lost the use of his limbs for six months by Dr. Brodum's Nervous Cordial, was cured ———."

One of these pamphlets falling into the hands of a humourist, who was acquainted with another quack, he wrote in his name to Dr. B.; and after commending the German for his candour, in publicly ac-

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knowledging

An emperor among the ancients offered a reward to whoever could invent a new amusement ; and in this age of refinement we daily see the discoveries of genius liberally patronised by the community. Let our Quack Doctors then *coalesce*, and profit by the universal passion for *something new*.

Under the sanction of the Lord Chamberlain, a most amusing dramatic entertainment might be performed, under the denomination of *The Grand Pantomimic-farcical-tragi-comical Drama*. This institution might be conducted by our most celebrated medical operators, Doctors Brodum, Solomon, Senate, and Gardner, together with that *matchless surgeon*, Mr. Perkins, united in *one firm* for the cure of all diseases incident to man.

Their theatre might be a temporary structure of wood,

knowledging the injurious effects of his nostrum, he concluded with observing, “ but you should have said *he was cured*—by Dr. W.’s *Incomparable Balsam* !” This letter brought on a most furious correspondence between the two empirics, who were equally abusive, illiterate, and ignorant.

Dr. W. may be considered as a *medical swindler*, rather than a *destroyer of mankind*. He travels through England in a one-horse chaise, with a quantity of calomel, vitriol, &c. which he administers in pills and syrups. He confesses, that, as he is convinced he can do the people no good, he is determined to do them no harm, except by duping them of their money. It is said, that in one summer he obtained *fifteen hundred pounds* by his itinerant practice ! Such is the good-natured but ridiculous credulity of John Bull, who readily “ gives his gold for that which sufficeth not !”

emblematical

emblematic of the transitory nature of all earthly blessings. Before the curtain drew up, a number of swine, cats, parrots, peacocks, and owls, might, by the '*concord of sweet sounds*,' harmonise the minds of the audience. The first scene should exhibit a number of old men and women hobbling in on crutches, and *groaning*, to the great delight of the hearers, while Mr. Perkins, like a kind magician, came forward, and by touching the *old women* with his talismanic Tractors, they should appear suddenly restored to health and ease. Meanwhile Dr. Gardner, like Jupiter Tonans, might, by the force of his electric fire, expel the demon of pain from the distorted limbs of the old men. Thus perfectly cured, as if by miracle, the happy assemblage might *dance* in a circle round the two philosophers, and afterwards march off the stage with acclamations of joy.

The next scene should exhibit Dr. Brodum busily employed in preparing his Nervous Cordial and Botanical Syrup, by an intermixture of different oils and simples, from jars, gallipots, and bottles; while his great colleague, Dr. Solomon, appeared on the opposite side of the stage, ardently engaged in bottling his Cordial Balm of Gilead and Anti-Impetigines. In a short dialogue, the Doctors might exhort each other to persevere in deceiving the credulous, by selling a few intermingled simples as efficacious specifics.

On the arrival of several patients being announced, the scene should change to a spacious apartment, the ornaments of which should be—

“ An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about the shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses."

Here a multitude of young and old, of both sexes, might appear *in masquerade*, exhibiting the most cadaverous and emaciated visages imaginable. On the entrance of the two Doctors, as they are both remarkable for the *modesty of their proposals and the elegance of their manners*, they should, in a low voice, enquire into the nature of each particular case. Indeed this would afford an excellent opportunity for pantomimic gesticulation, as the patients might give an affecting idea of their tortures, by the distortions of their limbs, accompanied with shrieks and groans.

After this ceremony, on a bell being rung, two servants should enter with the celebrated *nostrums*. While Dr. Brodum administered his restorative *Cordial*, or *Syrup*; Dr. Solomon might also *pour out the vial* of his *Anti-Impetigines*, or his *Balm*, as each particular case should require. An instantaneous cure, as if by miracle, should succeed this operation, which might be very naturally represented by the masks falling off, while the real faces presented the bloom of health, and the freshness and lustre of youthful vigour, to the admiring eyes of the astonished spectators.

The happy train thus miraculously healed, might express their gratitude to their benefactors in a song. In order to render the *stage-effect* more *impressive*, the *three* beneficent sages before mentioned might enter and join their venerable brethren, while the whole posse of inferior

rior venders of specifics and panaceas should appear, forming a magnificent procession. When the whole assemblage of *miracle-mongers* were collected in the middle of the stage, JUSTICE should be represented as descending from heaven, and by one touch of her fiery sword the ground should open beneath the feet of the beneficent advertising physicians and their satellites, while they sunk to *Erebus profound*, and a vast volume of sulphureous flame issued from the Tartarean abyss, similar to the catastrophe of *Abomclique*, in *Blue Beard*, or *Female Curiosity*.

We talk of the morality of tragedy, but this *pantomime* would be more instructive than any other species of public amusement. What could be more interesting than first to behold so many wretches relieved from the torture of disease, and restored to health and beauty ! The man of pleasure would doubtless retire from the scene with a determination to indulge in his habitual voluptuousness, while such effectual restoratives could be purchased to renovate his animal spirits ; and the public in general might evince a generous contempt for temperance and virtue, while health, happiness, and immortality, could be conferred by the skilful hand of the *empiric*.

So great has been the difference of opinion respecting Quack Doctors, that while some persons have extolled them as demi-gods, others have depreciated them as miscreants ; but from the foregoing sketch, is it not evident that such philosophers are an honour to human nature ? Cynical beings may stigmatise our advertising physicians with the opprobrious appellation of impostors, but the

good-natured part of the community prove, by the avidity with which they purchase nostrums, that such aspersions are misapplied.

Seldom, indeed, have such extraordinary instances of philanthropy appeared as the present age can boast. We may talk of Howard visiting lazarettoes, and descending to dungeons, like an angel of consolation, endeavouring to mitigate human misery ; we may extol the sublime charity of that excellent man, whose purse was ever open to relieve the necessitous ; nay, we may aver, that Dr. Mead voluntarily went to Madrid, and ventured his life to assist in curing the plague in that city. These were divine men it is true ; but if we compare the enterprise and philanthropy of Dr. B. or Mr. P. with theirs, is not the superiority of our contemporaries manifest ?

Did not Dr. Brodum resign an *occupation* in which he might have lived at his ease ; and did he not endure the fatigue of travelling on foot with a box filled with *cordials* and *syrups* for the relief of the sick ? Did not the magnanimous Mr. Perkins, in open defiance of the winds and waves, traverse the vast Atlantic Ocean, to work miracles in this favoured isle ?—and, for aught we know to the contrary, did not Dr. Solomon, like a witch on a broomstick, take his flight on the back of Mahomet's dove to Mecca, thence to Mount Gilead, and home again to Liverpool, loaded, like the bee, with his precious *Balm*, and still more costly *Anti-Impetigines* ? Admirable men ! who to all these toils have superadded the anxiety inseparably connected with the *love of money*, which is the *root of a greater evil* than the scrofula itself, that
incurable

incurable disease—*remorseless avarice!* Doctor Solomon, indeed, has not obtained equal celebrity with the two benign foreigners, but he may justly be classed with those celebrated physicians, Rock and Graham. The admirable Doctor Senate is, from the powers of his *prolific genius*, entitled to rank with *Doctor Faustus himself!*

But while numbers are ready to acknowledge the utility of Quackery, which in many instances may be said to cut off the useless members of society, as a skilful botanist lops his trees; there are others who proudly claim the privilege of thinking for themselves; and, from a seeming love of contradiction, condemn the whole host of empirics. One of these censors, who has written on the subject of specifics, says, “that an universal remedy, or one that possesses healing powers for the cure of all diseases, is, in fact, a non-entity, the existence of which is physically impossible, as the mere idea of it involves a direct contradiction. How, for instance, can it be conceived that the same remedy should be capable of restoring the tone of the fibres when they are relaxed, and also have the power of relaxing them when they are too rigid?”

“Indeed the belief in an universal remedy appears to lose ground every day, though the lower and less enlightened classes of the community are still imposed upon by a set of privileged impostors, who frequently puzzle the intelligent reader to decide, whether the boldness or the industry with which they endeavour to esta-

blish the reputation of their respective poisons, be the most prominent feature in their character *."

Sometimes an apparent cure by a quack medicine is productive of a more painful disease. Thus, an ulcer healed may be only the closing of the orifice, while the morbid matter, by taking another course, may form an incurable imposthume. A celebrated *quack-salver* in this metropolis, recently sent a patient to the "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns," by healing an ulcer in his leg. In a few days the empiric was met by the widow, who returned him thanks for the favour, by saying, "God bless you, Sir, you cured my husband, but he died in three weeks afterwards." Such is the safety and benefit of tampering with medicine.

Empirics are permitted by the laws to practise with impunity. Our ancestors, indeed, who prevented, or rather repelled, disease by a life of temperance, never conceived that any human being could be so depraved as to defraud another of his money and his life, under the pretext of alleviating pain and restoring health. A still more powerful protection to impostors, is derived from the tax paid by them to the State for advertisements and patents. But even in France, Messmer's fraudulent pretences were discovered and punished: why then should

* In a single list of patent medicines there are nearly *three hundred* enumerated for the cure of different diseases! and the vender says, that to prevent the dangerous consequences that frequently result from counterfeit medicines was the *motive* that first induced him to open his warehouse.—Beneficent man!

similar

similar impositions be pursued in this capital with impunity? Is the paltry sum obtained by a duty on patent medicines to be put in the balance in opposition to the health of a *single individual*? No. Were some public-spirited member of the legislature to bring in a bill for the suppression of this iniquitous *branch of trade*, he would be the preserver of many wretched beings, who, in the moment of pain, are glad to seek relief from nostrums, “as drowning men catch at straws.” Alas! what numbers of infatuated mortals swallow the deleterious preparations of the Quack, and sink under the combined pressure of disease and medicine; who, had they been left to the simple efforts of nature, would have recovered, and lived healthy and happy for many years! What an afflicting thought! and who, that has a heart to feel, would not endeavour to prevent the further progress of *empirical homicide* *.

* “So great are the difficulties of tracing out the hidden causes of the evils to which this frame of ours is subject, that the most candid of the profession have ever allowed and lamented how unavoidably they are in the dark—So that the *best medicines*, administered with the wisest heads, *shall often do the mischief they were intended to prevent!* But when men without skill—without education—without knowledge, either of the distemper, or even of what they sell,—make merchandise of the miserable, and, from a dishonest principle, trifle with the pains of the unfortunate, too often with their lives, and from the mere motive of a dishonest gain,—every such instance of a person bereft of life by the hand of ignorance, is murder in the true sense; which, though not cognizable, by our laws,—by the laws of right, every man’s own mind and conscience must appear equally black and detestable.” STERNE. †

Dissolute young men are induced to continue in the practice of their pernicious habits of wantonness and excess, from the mistaken idea that a nostrum will operate as an effectual restorative. Young girls are also permitted to indulge in the use of confections, which, from their heating nature, and the superabundance of nutriment they supply, generate disease. Health and beauty are at once injured, and licentious desires kindled; so that, both in a *moral* and *physical* sense, children should be prevented from an indulgence in luxuries. The blessings of temperance, a healthy body and serene mind, will give a richer zest to the bounties of Divine Providence; and the predominance of intellectual over sensual pleasure, will exalt the happy individual in the rank of rational and thinking beings! One truth must excite some degree of alarm in the heart of the epicure. It is well known that substances in themselves salutary, may, when intermingled with others, become rank poison. Hence the fatal effects of eating a variety of viands, or mingling liquids of a heterogeneous nature, have doubtless precipitated myriads to an untimely tomb! This is commonly called *dying of a surfeit*. O man! if you would enjoy health and long-life, restrain your appetites, remove the savoury but destructive viands, and fling the Circean cup of intoxication from your trembling hand!

Domestic Quackery is another source of calamity to mankind. Lady Bountiful in the country, and Lady Languish in town, pique themselves upon their skill and humanity, insomuch, that on the slightest indisposition,

some

some cordial or cataplasm is prescribed. Hence the constitution of whoever is so unfortunate as to be reared under their auspices, becomes like a green-house plant, and shrinks beneath every change of the atmosphere. Were Nature left to herself, most slight diseases, such as rheumatic pains, tooth-ache, and colds, would be gradually cured by the exertions of the constitution, leaving the convalescent vigorous and alert, instead of the languor produced by laudanum and a diversity of medicines, which only clog the wheels of the animal machine.

Young persons who wish to obtain medical information, combined with amusement, will be amply gratified by the perusal of Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health ; a poem, in which the best physical instruction is conveyed, through the enchanting medium of pleasing and perspicuous language.

On the subject of cleanliness, the poet says :—

“ Ablution just enough to clear
 The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
 The body sacred from indecent soil.
 Still to be pure, e'en did it not conduce
 (As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
 Your daily pains : 'tis this adorns the rich ;
 The want of this is poverty's worst foe :
 With this external virtue age maintains
 A decent grace ; without it youth and charms
 Are loathsome : this the venal graces know,
 So doubtless do your wives.”

His advice with regard to food well deserves the attention of the reader :—

—————“ Avoid the cates
That lull the sicken'd appetite too long,
Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,
Burn in the palms, or parch the rough'ning tongue,
Sated with Nature's boons what thousands seek,
With dishes tortur'd from their native taste
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite !
Is this for pleasure ? learn a juster taste,
And know that remp'rance is true luxury.
Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
The full repast, and let sagacious age
Grow wiser.

—————Beyond the sense
Of light refection at the genial board
Indulge not often, nor protract the feast
To dull satiety, till soft and slow
A drowsy death creeps on th' expansive soul,
Oppress'd and smother'd the celestial fire.
What dextrous thousands just within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course !
But ah, what woes remain ! life rolls apace,
And that incurable disease, old age,
In youthful bodies more severely felt,
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime,
And sows the temples with untimely snow.”

Armstrong, as well as several other medical writers, recommends water as the most excellent diluent. But he did

did not consider what a degree of self-denial was requisite to render a man content with such *insipid beverage* in a city where liquors of the most grateful flavour, the most delightful colour, and cheering nature, are perpetually soliciting his taste. Indeed, it may be said, that a species of *luxurious hydrophobia* is epidemical, not only in London, but throughout England. We shall quote the advice of the poet, though it is very questionable, indeed, whether the lyre of Apollo himself could prevail upon the people to prefer water to ale.

“ Learn temp’rance, friends ! and hear without disdain
The choice of water.
Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow :
But where the stomach indolent and cold
Toys with its duty, animate with wine.”

Hoffman says, “ If there be any universal medicine in nature it is *water* ; for by its assistance all distempers are alleviated or cured, and the body preserved sound and free from corruption, that enemy to life.”

Addison, who may be considered as a physician of the mind, and whose moral precepts also embraced the sanity of the body, expatiates on the necessity of temperance and exercise with his peculiar perspicuity and strength. His elegant dissertations being more delightful and instructive than any medical treatise, we shall extract a few passages for the information of the youthful reader.

“ EXERCISE is the most effectual physic. The general idea of a human body, without considering it in the niceties,

niceties of anatomy, let us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. Labour or exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channel, throws off redundancies, and helps Nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot exist in its vigour, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

“ I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits which are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers ; as well as the vapours, to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

“ I shall in this place mention another great preservation of health, which in many cases produces the same effect as exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The *preservative* I am speaking of is TEMPERANCE, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season, or in any place. It is a kind of *regimen* into which every man may put himself without interruption of business, expence of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them ; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them ; if exercise raises proper ferments

ments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives Nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour ; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

“ Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but a substitute for exercise or temperance. Medicines are, indeed, absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health ; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them.

“ It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another ; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitution, so far as to know what kinds and what proportion of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suited to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. Make your whole repast out of *one dish*. If you indulge in a *second*, avoid drinking any thing strong until you have finished your meal ; at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least from such as are not the most plain and simple. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it would be formed upon a saying quoted by Sir William Temple ; the first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for my enemies. But because it is impossible for one
who

who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophic a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence, according as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify it for struggling with hunger and thirst, whenever any distemper or duty of life may put it upon such difficulties; and at the same time give it an opportunity of extricating itself from its oppressions, and recovering the several tones and springs of its distorted vessels. Besides, that *abstinence well timed often kills a sickness in the embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition*. It is observed by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during the great plague which has made so great a noise throughout all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection, which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed."

" 'Tis to thy rules, O Temperance ! that we owe,
All pleasures which from health and strength can flow :
Vigour of body, purity of mind,
Unclouded reason, sentiment refin'd."

Valetudinarians often voluntarily suffer more pain than ever was inflicted by the Inquisition. By swallowing every medicine which ignorant friends or artful Quacks recommend, these wretched dupes, instead of disarming disease, only render it more formidable. Three-fourths of the diseases of the people of London are *ideal*; and
many

many persons contribute to the support of the physician, and pay him liberally for regular attendance, while they labour not under bodily indisposition, but the imaginary ailments of a *mind diseased*. Many an athletic hypochondriac, whose sanity would be restored in a few days by exercise, now imagines himself at the point of death, though he will probably outlive his physician. The revelling and excess of those unhappy beings has produced in them such a relaxation of nerve and imbecility of mind, that they tremble at the momentary gloom occasioned by every passing cloud ; the sight of a hearse fills them with horror ; and the mournful knell thrills through every fibre.

Were we to investigate the origin of those diseases that *really* exist in this capital, they would be found to proceed from *gluttony, indolence, and sensuality* ; consequently, not only the *preventive* of such diseases, but even the *cure*, may be found in adherence to temperance, exercise, and moderation in the pursuit of amusements.

The rapid increase of nostrums within these few years might induce us to imagine, that all the diseases of Pandora's box had been poured out on this capital ; and that too much praise could not be given to those benevolent philosophers who have prepared a remedy for every ailment. But a little observation will remove the delusion ; and if we explore the laboratories of empiricism, we shall find that they are the most fatal *armouries of DEATH*, whence the poisoned arrows of Quackery are discharged on mankind !

At present, so universal is the passion for deleterious
potions,

potions, that the people of London may be considered as a community of philosophers, whose magnanimity is equal to that of Socrates himself. He swallowed poison with an unaltered cheek and serene eye ; and Fame has enrolled him in the list of her most illustrious sons : how great then must that nation appear, where numbers of both sexes daily take poison with philosophic serenity !

To enumerate the different impostors, who abuse the credulity of *the people of England* by *pretending* to heal diseases, would be tedious. There is not, indeed, a more glaring proof of the weakness of mankind than the encouragement given to those quacks, who come from every quarter of the globe to dupe the most wealthy and sensible of nations. So preposterous are many individuals in this metropolis, that they would prosecute to certain death the footpad who robbed them of a crown, yet madly give their money for a nostrum which robs them of health, and precipitates them into the tomb !

The beneficent CREATOR has so wisely constituted both the human body and mind, that they possess an inherent power to resist and often overcome disease. This power is by physicians called the *Autocrateia*, or *vis medicatrix naturæ*. Hippocrates says, “ Nature is sufficient to the health of every animal, and kindly performs every thing that is necessary to their well-being without any other aid.” Had he lived in this luxurious age, however, he would have acknowledged the necessity of moral precepts to restrain the passions, and medical assistance to remove the maladies generated by indolence and dissipation.

In order to preserve health, Hippocrates advises us not to eat to excess, and on no account to neglect exercise. Not to accustom ourselves to too exact a regimen, lest any sudden deviation should be fatal. He recommends pure water as the most wholesome drink, and sometimes an equal quantity of wine and water intermingled, as the wine will expel whatever is injurious to the intestines, and the water will temper the acrimony of the humours. It is remarkable that St. Paul gives Timothy nearly the same advice—"Use no longer water but a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities."

To attempt to give rules respecting health in a work the object of which is to expose the empiric, would savour of the very thing we wish to censure. But a few friendly hints to persons labouring under lingering disease may not be improper. Valetudinarians must be convinced that the passions have a most powerful effect on the health of the body, and that the pains of the body excite sympathy in the mind. Hope, that prime cheerer of the soul, accompanied by strict temperance, will re-establish the health of the infirm sooner than all the simples of nature, or the chemical preparations invented by man. Look around then you who now drag on a lingering existence—behold numbers who were lately in full health, suddenly carried off by fevers arising from *Intemperance*, that *Hydra* which devours human happiness. No longer torment yourselves, nor make your stomach, like Noah's ark, a receptacle for every clean and unclean thing that you imagine may renovate the constitution. If you cannot be restored by moderate
exercise

exercise and a mild regimen, calmly submit to that dissolution which awaits every human being. Instead of relying wholly on the skill of feeble man, bow with resignation to the will of the DIVINE PHYSICIAN who can “*kill and make alive!*”

Dear and amiable young people of both sexes, who yet enjoy health, if any of you are led away by the *ignus fatuus* of pleasure, pause in your career, and reflect that a body beautified by temperance and invigorated by exercise, with a mind harmonised by the social affections, constitute your perfection as rational beings. Whatever evil habits the example or inticement of others, or the suggestions of your own imagination, may have tempted you to adopt, must be discontinued if you hope for happiness here or hereafter. Ah! lay your hand upon your palpitating bosom, and ask yourselves, will these vain or vicious pursuits confer felicity? Then CONSCIENCE, like a tutelary angel, will answer—No! Return, return to the true path, which is illumined by the light of Reason, and leads to the Temple of Happiness.

All rational enjoyments are sanctioned by virtue :—the generous sympathy of friendship, the ecstatic thrill of love, the cheerful song of decent conviviality, and the delightful sensations occasioned by the voice of the muse. Every elegant accomplishment, which is allied to decorum, must be conducive to the superior refinement of the intelligent mind. But human nature is too apt to pass the limits of propriety. Incited by curiosity or emulation, the ardent and aspiring mind of youth is desirous to attain the proud pinnacle of excellence. Were this
generous

generous ambition directed to the attainment of useful knowledge, and the unremitted practice of beneficence, it would render the happy candidate the living image of the DEITY ! Art thou, O youthful reader, actuated by such motives as these ? Art thou emulous to excel others in the love of justice, generosity, truth, and knowledge ? These are the imperishable columns on which alone the fair arch of thy renown can be established for ever !

The fallacy of empiricism has already been sufficiently animadverted on. Indeed, a single reflection may serve to subvert the whole fabric of medical imposture. Had any of the proposed *panaceas* invented by man been endued with *universal healing virtues*, all other medicines would have been totally unnecessary ; and, as light is supplied by the sun, the grand restorative would have supplied all mankind with health and longevity ; hence there would have been no necessity to collect any other drugs, or acquire medical knowledge.

EPIGRAM.

Dialogue between a QUACK DOCTOR and a SATIRIST.

SATIRIST.

'Thou destroyer of man, thou vicegerent of death ;
In thy look there is jaundice, and pest in thy breath ;
Depart from this Island, and leave us some hope
Of living our time, if you'd 'scape from the rope.

QUACK DOCTOR.

Pray cease your invective, my character spare,
And in all future profits with me you shall share :
Don't you know, Sir, the mass of mankind are all fools,
Who rely upon nostrums and medical rules,
To restore wasted vigour and renovate health ;
So whoever will promise such blessings grasps wealth.

SATIRIST.

Whene'er I at fraudulent cunning connive,
May my small spark of life not that moment survive !
I know that the credulous oft are deceiv'd,
And impostors like you are too often believ'd ;
While you violate truth, and that just law defy,
Which declares that *a murderer surely shall die.*

QUACK

QUACK DOCTOR.

Stop, Sir, you're in error, I am a physician,
 See here's my *diploma*, and in good condition ;
 It came by the coach from the North, 'pon my honour,
 And grateful am I to the generous donor ;
 If that won't suffice, Sir, see here is my *patent*,
 To cure all diseases *apparent* or *latent* :
 I find you suspected I was but a *poacher*,
 On *other physicians* a frontless encroacher ;
 But my qualification's without the least flaw,
And I kill my game fairly according to law.

PHILOSOPHICAL QUACKERY.

See sculking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head !
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence,
 And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense* !
 See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly !
 In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares *Morality* expires.
 No *public* flame nor *private*, dares to shine ;
 No *human* spark is left, no glimpse *divine* !
 Lo, thy dread empire *CHAOS* ! is restor'd ;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word ;
 Thy hand, great *Anarch* ! lets the curtain fall,
 And universal darkness buries all.

POPE.

IF we compare Athens, even in the zenith of her glory, to modern London, the superiority of the latter will be manifest. The Grecian city was indeed frequented by the lovers of science, who came from different climes to drink wisdom at the fountain-head in her academic groves; but we may imbibe knowledge and
porter

porter in every tap-room in this capital, where numbers of benevolent sages are assiduously employed in their patriotic endeavours to convince us that religion is a farce ; that we should divest ourselves of those superstitious prejudices which regulated the morals of our ancestors ; and, with a generous zeal for knowledge, endeavour to subvert the chimerical fabric erected by priestcraft and hypocrisy !

This laudable desire to contribute to the edification of the ignorant has become so general, that many *disinterested* tradesmen would spend the whole afternoon over their cups, rather than pursue their business, in order to convert one individual to the *new philosophy*. The same beneficent disposition appears to actuate clerks and shopmen, who conscientiously neglect their masters' business, in order to convince some superstitious simpleton that no man of spirit or knowledge would be a Christian ! Were these generous zealots as assiduous in promoting the welfare of their employers, nay, were they as eager to convert men to truth as they are to mislead them into the paths of sophistical delusion, they might then be considered as philosophers indeed !

The juvenile effervescence of the animal spirits, which stimulates self-conceited youth, may subside, and the errors of the head be extenuated by the amiable qualities of the heart, provided the contagion of modern philosophy has not driven the phrenetic dupe into the vortex of sensuality ; but the cold-hearted metaphysician, or insidious framer of ethical theories, who with premeditation reject the sublime and practicable precepts of Christianity,

tianity, may be said to labour under an incurable mental disease.

Some of our moral philosophers, however, are justly entitled to the approbation of mankind. Paley, Watson, Beattie, and Cogan, have elucidated the duties which we owe as members of the community, and their pages are a luminous mirror, in which the youthful mind may contemplate Truth adorned with the white robe of Morality.

It has been often asserted by the enemies of Christianity*, that it has been the source of contention and war among

* In a late publication of Madame de Genlis, entitled, "Little la Bruyere," the author makes the following observations on Free-thinkers, '*des esprits forts*.' "The epithet of *strong mind* is a title which impious men gave to themselves, because they pretended that it required great strength of mind to shake off the yoke of religion. The absurdity of this assertion is evident, and even the most impious men cannot deny, that it is much more prudent to follow religion than to reject it. They even acknowledge that it is consolatory, and that its morality is admirable, so that they add crime to imprudence; for it is a crime to deprive mankind of their best consolation, their sublimest hopes, and their veneration for the most perfect system of ethics.

"True strength of mind consists in the ability of a man to stem the torrent of licentiousness, and to preserve his principles and his morals inviolate amidst a depraved multitude. They who possess real strength of mind at the present time, are persons truly religious. Weak and frivolous minds suffer themselves to be hurried down the stream by example, and by the passions, all of which are encouraged by impiety.

"Examine

among mankind. The truth is, designing men, under the pretext of religion, obtained an ascendancy over the minds of others, and practised the greatest cruelties and oppressions, which they endeavoured to sanction by their pretended zeal for the truth. But, if we except a few instances of bigotry and persecution, we shall find, on consulting history, that mankind never became truly humanized till the benign precepts of Christ softened the ferocity of the passions.

The tree is known by its fruit. What benevolent institution has been founded, or what extraordinary act of virtue performed, by an Atheist or Deist?—What record remains of their public or private virtues? None. On the other hand, the pages of modern history are illuminated with memorials of the heroism, patriotism, and piety, of Christians.

“Examine impious men closely, and you will find them destitute of the knowledge of religion; nay, that they have forsaken it without having studied it, and that they form their judgment of it exclusively on the wretched sophisms of its detractors. You will discover that the true cause of their aversion to religion is the severity of its morals, and that they are led away by the convenient pliancy of modern philosophy.

“Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, and their abettors, laboured incessantly for sixty years to establish deism; irreligion, during that time, made inconceivable progress:—Are men happier on this account?—are they better?

“Oh! young people, whose minds are unperverted, whose hearts are yet pure, two paths lie open before you;—one leads to *error and vice*; the other, to *truth and virtue*.”

ALFRED, *the great and good Alfred*, who founded the University of Oxford, and established the laws of his country on the basis of justice, was a devout Christian. Milton, Newton, Boyle, Addison, and Watts, were Christians. Among the Deists many men of genius have appeared. Their high-priest Voltaire, together with Hume, Gibbon, Volney, and Paine, have used all the deceptious arts of wit and reason to establish their own reputation by subverting the souls of others. Alas! they have been but too successful, and a swarm of *half-witted* philosophists eradicate the germs of morality from the youthful mind, and sow the baneful seeds of rank sensuality in the susceptible breast of their victim.

Nature is the idol of the modern speculatist, who, after descanting on *necessity, reason, and virtue*, will retire amid the plaudits of his auditory, and dwindle into a mere man, perhaps trembling at the sight of a bailiff, or exercising his rhetorical powers in scolding his wife and servants.

Among other endowments, the modern theorist seems to consider himself gifted with the spirit of prophecy. He is ever predicting the downfall of tyranny and superstition, with which he studiously combines Revelation. He has adopted a most ingenious mode of evading refutation, by insisting that the time when such a change shall happen must, from the present state of society, be at least half a century hence. By this expedient he endeavours to obtain a degree of credibility; and at the worst he consoles himself with the reflection, that
his

His opponents will naturally be removed before the period of time mentioned.

Pause—oh! pause one moment in your frantic career, ye dupes of modern philosophers! Your seducers from the path of virtue have, under the semblance of liberality of sentiment, “fed each baser passion of the heart,” and thus triumphed over your mind by an attack on the most vulnerable part. Reflect, dear but deluded fellow-creatures of both sexes—reflect, that dissipation must accelerate the approach of sickness and death, as the flaring blaze consumes the oil of the lamp: Your vivid animal spirits will soon be exhausted by those criminal excesses, which you misname pleasures. Awake from the dream of sensuality to your true happiness, which can only be obtained by returning to the path of temperance. Your reward will be serenity, similar to that of the mariner, who, shipwrecked in a stormy sea, escapes on a single plank to a land of security and plenty. Every artifice of proud and blasphemous unbelievers has been exerted to undermine your health and virtue. Miscreant Quack Doctors and Pseudo-Philosophers have flattered your selfish passions, that they might plunder you of your property—And what is the result?—The privation of health of body, and sanity of mind! Renounce the sophisms of such depraved beings, and embrace the only *true philosophy*, which clears the head and meliorates the heart. No longer glory in the wild and fashionable theories of infidelity, but purify yourselves from the morbid contagion of folly, by an ablution in that fountain of happiness—THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

A man who wanders from the straight path of Revelation into the labyrinth of Scepticism, is like the inheritor of a competent patrimony, who wastes it in excess, and afterwards launches friendless and inexperienced into the ocean of life. Whoever embraces Deism instead of the Christian Religion prefers vice to virtue.

Many *proofs* might be adduced of the superiority of Divine revelation over the best human system of ethics; but the man who is already animated with its blissful influence, that true *sunshine of the mind*, requires no other evidence than his own experience. As for the blasphemous and obdurate atheist or deist, alas! he would not be converted though one should arise from the dead! To the giddy and unthinking, however, whose wavering minds have been warped by the boldness of the impious, and who mistook the audacious sneer of sarcastic wit for the honest effusion of an enlightened mind, to them we appeal, and entreat them to relinquish the flimsy and fascinating sophistry of deism, and adopt the practical precepts of Christ, that benign physician and shepherd of souls!

The improvements of Philosophy are not confined to metaphysics and ethics; we can boast of several naturalists, whose acute investigations and ingenious experiments have led to the most important discoveries of the arcana of Nature. Among other sages, Doctor Darwin is entitled to particular attention, both for the sublimity of his conceptions, and the boldness of his disquisitions. His 'Loves of the Plants' presents a feast to the bookworm; and the discovery of the soft passion
existing

existing among vegetables, must be highly interesting to every natural philosopher.

Should some ingenious mineralogist discover an inherent principle of affection in the third kingdom of nature, we might consider human knowledge, with respect to this globe at least, as having arrived at perfection. Might not a naturalist, gifted with poetical talents, clearly demonstrate that the attraction and cohesion of inert matter was merely another modification of that universal love, "whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main"? and might he not delight us with an epic poem on a similar plan with the *Iliad*, describing the rape of some marble Helen, carried off by some fiery limestone Paris? By the force of a powerful imagination, he might describe the whole mineral kingdom in a state of warfare, while fossils, by their hostile concussions, produced earthquakes and volcanoes.

Indeed, the wisdom of our fanciful philosophers was manifested during the late dearth of provisions, when, with a benignity peculiar to themselves, they discovered to the public that fern roots, the succulent branches of trees, nay, some species of bituminous argil, was most savoury and nutritive food; and when a sceptical John Bull expressed his doubts respecting the wholesomeness of such aliment, an Anglo-German book-maker exclaimed—"What, do you dispute the authority of Dr. Darwin?"

Medical sages, who are emulous to distinguish themselves by a singularity of opinion, sometimes recommend abstinence from particular kinds of food. One advises

us to be very moderate in the use of bread, as it is an earthy species of aliment and not easily digested; another prohibits the use of that oleaginous food, called butter, which is often productive of cutaneous diseases. Thus they would literally make us *quarrel with our bread and butter*, though it is well known that such empirics are by no means so abstemious as they pretend.

Other theorists, such as Count Rumford, that "*man of smoke*," recommend a flannel shirt to be worn next the skin, as a preventive against disease. Do these Quacks wish to re-introduce the sweating sickness, once so fatal to Englishmen? or, because their own scarf-skin is callous, do they think that ours is equally unfeeling? Experience has taught us that *flannel armour*, instead of repelling the shafts of death, is, in consequence of absorbing the perspired matter, but too often like the poisoned shirt of Hercules. From the moisture of the atmosphere, however, both in Great Britain and Ireland, it has been found that a thin flannel waistcoat worn *over the linen*, has *repelled* atmospheric vapours, while insensible perspiration, that friend to health, was moderately promoted by frequently changing the linen.

This may justly be denominated the *Age of Philosophy*, when the arts and sciences have been brought to wonderful perfection indeed! One of our astronomers has discovered, what nobody but himself can perceive, that *the sun is an opaque body!* and another still more extraordinary mortal has written a pamphlet to prove that it is a *globe of ice!* In the latter case there is some reason to apprehend that it may "dissolve and thaw itself

itself into a dew," which circumstance would be of little importance to us if its opacity were real; but every eye that can see bears witness against the morbid affection of poor Dr. H*****'s optics, and mankind generally concur in the opinion that the sun is a *luminous* body.

About two years ago, a theoretical barber amused the town by turning his attention from the *hair* to the *brains* of mankind, whom he endeavoured to convince of the superior excellence of his astronomical theory. But, like many of his contemporary sages, he was obliged to relinquish his patriotic scheme of enlightening the public, who thought him much better qualified to exhibit a *grand display of a lady's wig* than of *the universe*; and that he would probably be more successful in the adjustment of curls, than a refutation of the Newtonian Philosophy; which, like an impregnable fortress, has hitherto withstood the *flying artillery* of vain *French Philosophists*, and their coadjutors in this country.

In consequence of the inestimable discovery of manufacturing *straw* into paper, we have a heap of wealth in every farm-yard. Manufactured straw, when impressed with certain characters, may become a treasure of bank-notes fit to be locked up in the coffer of the female gambler, or the iron chest of the banker. This light vehicle of wealth is infinitely more portable than the lumbering guineas which were formerly so incommodious, and tore the breeches pockets or portmanteau of the traveller. He may now carry the price of an estate in a small pocket-book.

" Blest paper-credit ! last and best supply !
 That lends Corruption swifter wings to fly !
 Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings ;
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
 Or ship off senates to some distant shore ;
 A leaf like Sybil's scatter to and fro
 Our fates and fortunes as the wind shall blow ;
 Pregnant with thousands-flits the scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a King or buys a Queen."

POPE.

Nor have the fine arts been neglected. Engravers have favoured the public eye with portraits of demireps, profligate military coxcombs, and swindlers, and blazoned those visages which would best become the pillory or the gibbet. The art of portrait painting, too, has attained the pinnacle of elegance and perfection. Those *animated paintings daily and nightly* exhibited by our female artists, transcend the productions of the most celebrated ancients ; and there are at this moment in London upwards of *one thousand original portraits*, which, for delicacy of outline, brilliancy of *teint*, and strength of expression, are inestimable.

Dr. BEDDOES, in his "*Medical-Pneumatic Institution*," informs us of the cordial effects of *oxygen gas*, and that "under a certain administration of this gas, sleep may possibly be dispensed with ;" he intends to oppose it to the decays of nature, and he is so much re-invigorated by this grand restorative, that "his morning alertness equals that of a healthy boy." This sage excels all other chemists ;

mists; if he has not, like Prometheus, brought down celestial fire to animate man, he may claim the merit of a discovery which will, perhaps, prevent dissolution. We may now hope to enjoy the *terrestrial immortality* hinted at by modern philosophers, while old age and death are for ever banished from *the cheerful haunts of men!*

But, however delightful the prolongation of life may be to the community in general, there are a few individuals who will be little obliged to the Doctor for the disclosure of this most important discovery. Dissolute young fellows who are impatiently wishing for the decease of their parents, that they may obtain their possessions, and hen-pecked husbands who writhe in the galling chains of matrimony, will execrate that philosophy which communicates longevity to those inimical to their happiness! But such partial grievances must appear inconsiderable, when opposed to the universality of the benefit held out to mankind.

By inhaling this cordial ether, the most delicate bloom will adorn the cheeks of our ladies, who now in vain waste both their money and time in the purchase and application of paints and lotions; at the same time that its exhilarating influence will operate as a *tonic* to brace the nerves and invigorate the system.

Might not the general use of this enlivening ether render our expensive public amusements unnecessary? Since its *titillating energy* exceeds our farces in the excitement of laughter, mirth may now be studied as a science; and by the administration of different quantities

of the *gas*, every gradation of risibility may be attained, from the gleeful titter of the coquet, to the obstreperous roar of the clown.

Perhaps the sage discoverer of this invaluable principle of vitality may, by further experiments, obtain an ethereal substance sufficient to support animal existence without the use of the grosser elements. Then, indeed, like theameleon, we might *live on air*! Our epicures, however, would probably object to this *light regimen*; and prefer gross turtle, venison, or even roast-beef, to the Doctor's *ambrosia**."

Even the common necessities of life are *philosophized*, and, among other implements on an improved plan, the public are accommodated with *hunting razors*, by the aid of which a dextrous sportsman may *shave at full gallop*, and *be in at the death*, either of the *game* or of *himself*.

Improvements in the *police* of this vast capital have been recommended by Mr. Colquhoun, a theorist, whose indefatigable mind has collected a mass of information respecting human delinquency, that is sufficient to terrify the most intrepid reader.

According to Mr. C.'s estimate, London contains one million two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; but the return of *real* population, as enumerated on the 10th of March, 1801, when the town was literally *full*, amounted to only seven hundred and fifteen thousand and two persons, being little more than half the number stated by this writer.

His picture of human depravity is erroneous and exaggerated. According to his calculation, there are one hundred and fifteen thousand delinquents in London, including *fifty thousand prostitutes*! This capital, “by taste and wealth proclaimed the fairest in all the world,” would be in a most dreadful state of depravity indeed, were one-sixth of its inhabitants immoral characters—one-third of its women w! Forbid it honour, virtue, and social happiness!—A candid investigation of the matter will convince us that the return is erroneous. Mr. C. contemplated our flourishing emporium, our busy people, and particularly our beautiful women, with the misanthropic eye of a Mandeville! The feeling mind shudders to bring in a charge of delinquency against even ten thousand of our fellow-citizens; and were the unfortunate girls of the town estimated at an equal number, still charity hopes that the aggregate would be over-rated.

The general utility of Mr. C.’s treatise will be readily acknowledged by every thinking man; though, from his account of the immoral part of society, it should seem that vice was exclusively confined to the lower classes. But, instead of immorality originating among the common people, and rising only to a certain height, like the noxious vapour of the *Grotto del Cane* in Italy, may it not be fairly asserted, that the pestilential contagion of vice flows from the pavilions of the great, as streams from a fountain? Let any man of observation cast his eyes around, and he will perceive that vice

“Taints downward all the graduated scale
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.”

IF

If this be true, the inference is, that the effectual cure of the mental diseases of society must commence among the opulent, whose example has so powerful an influence on the conduct of others.

Mr. C. seems to be extremely cautious of giving offence to persons of distinction. The extreme delicacy with which he mentions their foibles, reminds us of that elegant clergyman, who, after expatiating on the irreligion of a genteel auditory, concluded by telling them, with all imaginable complaisance, "that if they did not reform, they would run the risk of being doomed to a place which he did not think proper to mention in that polite assembly" !

Among a variety of very *profound* observations, this *philosopher* expatiates on the gambling practised in the alehouses of this metropolis, and the fraud of persons who receive lottery insurances : but he seems disposed to temporise with those momentous subjects. Would not the total relinquishment of taxation by State-lotteries, be an effectual mean of preventing *all the inferior gradations of gambling* ? and the limitation of public-houses of every description to half their present number, *prevent drunkenness, and its concomitant vices* ? Aye ; but these improvements might be prejudicial to the revenue. Society, however, would derive additional benefit from general sobriety, which would promote industry, that source of social comfort ; while the wisdom of the legislature could easily devise some other mode of taxation, equally productive, without injury to the public morals.

Were Mr. C.'s plan of a CENTRAL POLICE realised,
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the chartered rights of this ancient city would soon become '*a tale of the times of old.*' It is to be hoped that the citizens of London will ever support that dignified independence for which their ancestors have been distinguished ;—that steady resistance to the incroachments of power, by which they have for centuries sustained their respectability, and lived as a distinct and *well-organised community*, regulated by their own municipal decrees, yet amenable to the laws of their country. May that day never arrive, when the *Temple of British Liberty* shall be degraded *into a Police-office*, and Bow-street runners and executioners considered as respectable citizens !

At the same time it must be acknowledged, that there have been but too many instances of extreme depravity among our fellow-citizens ; yet, notwithstanding the complaints of Mr. C. respecting the defects in our police, the most intelligent foreigners readily acknowledge, that for variety of accommodations, the elegance of its houses and furniture, and the cleanliness of its inhabitants, London far excels any other city in the world. As for the corruption of public manners and morals, it may be safely concluded, that the principal source of that turpitude originates with people of different nations, who are allured hither by the hope of gain.

“ London ingulphs them all ! the shark is there,
 And the shark's prey ;—the spendthrift, and the leech.
 That sucks him. * * * * *

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Oh thou resort and mart of all the earth,
 Checquer'd with all complexions of mankind;
 And spotted with all crimes ; in whom I see
 Much that I love, and more that I admire,
 And all that I abhor ! Thou freckled fair,
 That pleasest, and yet shockst me ; I can laugh,
 And I can weep. can hope. and can despair,
 Feel wrath and pity when I think on thee.
 Ten righteous would have sav'd a city once,
 And thou hast many righteous. — Well for thee—
 That salt preserves thee ; more corrupted else,
 And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour,
 Than Sodom in her day had pow'r to be,
 For whom God heard his Abr'am plead in vain."

COWPER.

This *deeply-shaded view* of London was sketched by the greatest poet of the age, who, with all the affection of a patriot, sympathised with the miseries, and mourned the vices and follies of his countrymen. But his constitutional melancholy prevented him from perceiving the full flow of social happiness, the comfortable enjoyment of the most elegant accommodations and refined amusements, which present such a perpetual series of gratification to the aspiring, gay, and wealthy inhabitants of this capital. It was impossible for the poet, with all his sagacity and genius, to form a just estimate of those peculiar enjoyments presented by a populous and flourishing emporium, from which he had retired, to
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the seclusion of rural shades, in consequence of mental depression. That he was not inattentive, however, to the manners of the town while a resident here, is evident from "The Task," a work which, at the same time that it is an illustrious memorial of its author's piety and genius, is perhaps the most perfect satire written since the time of Pope.

Retirement was the choice of the poet; and, as he emphatically says, "God made the country, and man made the town;" yet, with all deference to his exalted worth, it may be fairly concluded, that the "*human face divine*" presents a more interesting variety to the feeling mind, than all the rural scenery of nature. Talents which, in the country, would have continued dormant like gold in the mine, develope and attain perfection in a rich capital.

The following cursory sketch of Modern Manners, will perhaps illustrate the position, that London is not in such a state of depravity as it has been represented by such writers as contemplate the human mind through a gloomy medium.

A SKETCH

SKETCH OF MODERN MANNERS.

Catch the manners living as they rise.

POPE.

THE active community which inhabits this extensive and populous capital, with all its complicated movements, is like a vast machine, kept in a state of regularity by that powerful spring—the *love of gain*. Wealth, which, in a barbarous state, would endanger the possessor, is here the foundation of his security; and the deference paid to him in consequence of his opulence, renders his situation at once respectable and enviable.

While a moderate desire to obtain a comfortable livelihood or a decent competency actuates the merchant or tradesman, such a motive is highly commendable; but like every other human pursuit, the wish to accumulate wealth, soon becomes predominant, and selfishness subdues every generous emotion of the heart. When the love of gain is paramount, it severs the ties of kindred, estranges friends, and the individual gradually contracts his ideas to the narrow sphere of self-love, as the snail shrinks into its solitary shell. In whatever amusement or avocation the commercial man is engaged, he never loses sight of his favourite object; nay, the love of money pervades

pervades every order of the community, from the prince or duke, who squanders thousands at Newmarket and the gaming-table, to the vender of matches. Indeed, so general is the influence of gain, that it mingles with our amusements; and it is a fact, that during the review of the volunteers in Hyde-park on the King's birth-day, a lamplighter attended with his ladder, and accommodated several spectators with seats in the trees at sixpence a head.

Affectation is another prominent trait of modern manners. The urbanity and apparent liberality of sentiment which exists in this polished community, and that suavity of demeanour every-where prevalent, is too often affected.

Men profess philanthropy at the very moment that they are endeavouring to over-reach their fellow-creatures. This assumed beneficence, is either the offspring of design, indolence, or imbecility. While such *good-natured* beings execrate the man whose candour compels him to express his zeal for the truth, and his abhorrence of philosophic infidelity, they are quite uninterested about the matter, and can expatiate on the subject of futurity with *the sleepy smile of apathy!*

A desire to appear opulent, or in easy circumstances, is another branch of affectation. Poverty being considered as the greatest of evils in this commercial city, numbers, whose subsistence depends upon credit, launch into expences which must terminate in their ruin, rather than attend to a system of economy, which would have rendered them comfortable through life. How preposterous

rous is their vain emulation to equal their more opulent neighbours in dress, furniture, and amusements! This passion for *notoriety* is so great, that even perfumers and milliners assume consequential airs, from the accidental circumstance of their residing in a polite neighbourhood; and many coxcombs, who would readily carry about an umbrella, or any thing connected with the idea of gentility, would go without their breakfast rather than be seen carrying a loaf *for their own use* from the baker's shop!

That innate *love of variety* so natural to the human mind, is here carried to excess. Hence monsters and reptiles, the most remarkable and hideous, are collected from distant regions of the globe, and exhibited to the curious in this capital. Here the lion may be viewed with safety; the vast and sagacious elephant stands gazing at his wondering visitors; while the horrid crocodile and deathful rattlesnake appear in all their natural deformity, to gratify the public.

Next to the love of novelty may be mentioned its concomitant—*profusion*. Indeed luxurious habits are not confined to the opulent, but descend with different shades of distinction, in a regular gradation, from the perfumed toilette and magnificent route of the duchess, to the *tidy* washerwoman and her gossiping companions, seated at the tea-table;—from the peer over his wine, to the porter-drinking mechanic.

Another distinguishing trait of inodern manners, is the *mechanical regularity* which generally pervades society, with the exception of the dissolute and idle, who may be considered as interlopers in a *well-organised* community.

Regularity.

Regularity with respect to the hours devoted to business and rest is necessary to the well-being of this busy emporium, though too often productive of a lethargic plodding habit, which almost converts the man into mere automaton.

One of the most whimsical and amusing peculiarities of this capital, is the dispatch with which any recent event is caricatured and exhibited at the windows of print-shops. Even a subject of public importance is often pourtrayed so as to excite risibility. The *union with Ireland*, the *resignation of a minister*, or any curious incident in the world of fashion, is exposed through the magic-lantern of wit, for the amusement of the public. It must be confessed, however, that the general effect of caricatures is offensive to decency, and injurious to morals. We are informed, that "the turn of the English nation for *humourous political prints*, first shewed itself in the reign of Mary, who was represented as extremely thin, with many Spaniards hanging to her, and sucking her to the bone."

Another singular and pleasing medium of news, is the ballads sung in the streets, in celebration of some recent fortunate event; such as a naval victory, or the return of peace; nay, even our grievances are satyrised and described in humourous songs, so as to excite mirth. The condemnation of a criminal, furnishes employment to the hawker; and a description of an execution, together with the dying-speech of the sufferer, will perhaps afford subsistence to his fellow-creature for a week; so that, strange as it may appear, both public and private misfor-

misfortunes become merchandise in the hands of the ingenious of this capital.

Money, with the generality of people, is every thing. It must indeed be mortifying to the opulent to observe, that the attachment of their dependents, and even the *apparent esteem* of their friends, arises from the respect paid to riches. The vulgar herd bow before the wealthy with reverence; but it is the money, and not the individual, which they respect. Observe the behaviour of a man who expects to receive money from another, and his abrupt departure when the object of his visit is accomplished. Nay, even the merchant and shopkeeper affect the utmost attention to a stranger whom they expect will purchase goods; but should he decline buying, the coldness of the dealer is a sufficient proof of his disappointment; all his studied earnestness to please, and *unreal benevolence, vanish in a moment!* On the other hand, the most trivial article demanded by a customer, will occasion an instantaneous interruption of the social converse of a tradesman; and doubtless a *philosophic tallow-chandler* would hasten from the contemplation of the starry heavens to vend a farthing rushlight!

By the way, the exorbitant price paid for clothes and other necessities, originates in the negligence of men of fashion in the payment of their tradesmen's bills. The taylor, shoemaker, &c. endeavour to make up their loss by an extortionate demand upon the honest part of the community. Thus the dissipation of unprincipled men renders tradesmen unjust, and the public are eventually sufferers.

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The love of *censure* prevails among the young, the frivolous, and the vain. Their remarks assault our ears in the public streets, taverns, coffee-houses, and theatres. "Even churches are no sanctuaries now!" Indeed vanity is the characteristic of the majority of young people in London. Effeminacy is a conspicuous foible among our young men; especially those idle, lispings, and most insignificant beings, vulgarly yclep'd *gentlemen*. A part of the human species, who, because they are born to an inheritance, consider themselves as not accountable to their country for a waste of time and talents. Nay, so mischievous is the disposition of some of our modern men of spirit, that the community would willingly compromise the matter with them, and overlook their *foibles*, on condition that they would not vitiate the morals of others by their pernicious example.

On the slightest appearance of rain, the modern *petite maitre* equips himself with boots, a surtout, and umbrella; and thus armed *cap-à-pie*, he sallies forth in defiance of the weather. From the inconsistency, characteristic of the man of fashion, however, these delicate mortals render their own precautions unavailing, and by nocturnal excesses undermine the foundation of their health and serenity.

Another circumstance which renders the effeminacy of coxcombs still more glaring, is the contrast presented by the dress of the ladies, who flutter along the streets like butterflies in the sun, in light airy raiment, which is almost transparent. Their superiority is still more striking in the roseate bloom which adorns their cheeks, and the vivacity that

that sparkles in their eyes, while their attendant beaux, though wrapped up in warm clothing, have an emaciated and spiritless look, like wretches on the brink of the tomb.

With respect to society in general, we are neither so effeminate nor degenerate as some cynics assert. Our health, notwithstanding the daily and insidious attempts made by *Quacks* to undermine it, is as good as that of our ancestors, while we certainly excel them in knowledge and refinement. A comparison of the state of learning thirty years ago with that of the present day, will corroborate this assertion; and indeed knowledge has been generally diffused throughout England, by the institution of Sunday schools, and the circulation of the works of our best authors.

The moral character of the laborious classes in London, is very different from that of the rustic. They retain his vulgarity, unaccompanied with his simplicity and integrity. A certain *knavish acuteness* is perceptible in the physiognomy of several carters, draymen, hackney-coachmen, &c.; they are possessed of the "*wisdom of the serpent*," but we look in vain for the "*innocence of the dove*." At the same time it must be acknowledged, that a great majority of our labouring poor are very worthy characters, whose industry is essential to the accommodation and social happiness of themselves and others.

Luxurious food, dress, and amusements, occupy almost the whole attention of thousands in this wealthy city. Indeed, so much of the time and the thoughts of the fashionable and opulent is spent in eating, drinking, and visiting, that we might suppose they thought themselves

selves created for no other end than to riot in excess, and wander through the flowery mazes of pleasure.

The fashionable, or, as Addison termed it, *the idle world*, is, in a great measure, distinct from the busy citizens, though frequent intermarriages have produced an amalgamation of the pure ore of nobility with the alloy of the merchant. The polite inhabitants of Westminster, and the parish of St. Mary-le-bone, are an isolated class of the community, though their vices and follies are daily making a progress in the city. The bustle of commerce is rather unfavourable to the spread of dissipation; it is only at the gaming-table, the rout, or the masqued ball, that folly appears in all her glory.

Indeed, the West end of the town, as it is called, is perfectly quiet till about noon, when the pageantry of equipages, the incessant rattling of carriages, and the ridiculous formality of visiting, renders the streets a scene of splendid confusion. This is certainly a most auspicious age for such menial servants as love indolence; for the master very good-naturedly drives his gig or curricule, while the servant sits at his ease beside him in a pleasing vacuity of thought.

From their freedom of intercourse, contiguity of residence, and frequent intermarriages, our nobility and gentry may be considered as one great body. The constitution has, indeed, distinguished them into separate classes, by conferring on the former the honour of being legislators by hereditary succession, while the latter are appointed by election. But, in a moral light, their virtues

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and vices, manners and amusements, are the same, with a few slight shades of difference.

When our country gentlemen first visit London, they undergo a complete metamorphosis. The transition from the cool breezes that ventilate their rural retreat, to the warm atmosphere of the metropolis, affects those rustics with a malady which may be termed a *brain fever*; under its influence they become delirious, and madly rush into the vortex of fashionable dissipation. The facility with which the *squire* adopts the modish dress, phraseology, effeminacy, and vices of the town-bred rake, is almost incredible. On his arrival, the novelty of the scene, and the vast extent, population, and magnificence of the city, fill him with astonishment. Ashamed of his vulgarity of manners and dialect, he is silent and reserved, till an introduction to a few polite *men of the world* teaches him to overcome his uncouth bashfulness. Once initiated in modish follies, he boldly divests himself of decency; frequents taverns and stews; stares at passing females in the streets; and, in consequence of his vigorous constitution, becomes a more vociferous and outrageous *blood* than the feeble cit, who had been practising from his infancy.

Boldly independent in principle, he proves, by his actions, that pleasure is his idol, and the shafts of his ridicule, forged by obscenity on the anvil of dulness, are directed against that religion which his ancestors held in due veneration.

It must be confessed, that the fine arts owe their pre-
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sent perfection to the munificence of our nobility and gentry; and the theatres may be said to exist in consequence of the annual visits of the gay and the opulent to London. Besides, what a number of perfumers, hair-dressers, and other creatures of fashion, would be destitute if deprived of the patronage of the great? Nay, do not the taverns, gaming-houses, and bagnios, owe their chief support to the profusion of young men of fashion?

One characteristic which denotes the accomplished modern fine gentleman is, his skill in the arts of seduction. To allure a thoughtless girl by presents and professions of love, and afterwards relinquish her to infamy, is such an heroic achievement, that the man of gallantry is prouder of his conquest over the credulity of a maiden, "*and the rich plunder of a taken heart,*" than a hero would be of the wreath of victory. The moralist may censure the conduct of the seducer as infamous, not considering that fashion can make vice appear amiable.

Still, however, there are many illustrious exceptions to this general depravity among the higher classes; and if our nobility and gentry would seriously reflect on their influence in society, they would discover, that an imitation of their follies and vices has pervaded every subordinate class of the community. Divines may preach, and moralists write, in vain, if the affluent practise and encourage vice. But the dissolute exclaim, "Can the example of a few individuals reclaim the world!—must we forego our pleasures to promote public happiness? Let the parsons inculcate morality, they are paid

for it : but we will live, while we live !” Such are the suggestions of selfish dissipation. But were persons of distinction to return to the luminous orbit of virtue, whence, like *wandering stars*, they are making continual aberrations—were they to shine like a benign constellation, they would at once beautify and harmonise society.

But now, alas !—

“ To the lascivious pipe and wanton song,
They charm down care and frolic it along ;
With mad rapidity and unconcern,
Down to the gulph from whence is no return.”

The merchants and tradesmen of London are the most opulent and respectable in the world. Many of them, who have received a liberal education, and travelled to form commercial connections, are intelligent and enterprising ; but the majority are rather confined in their ideas, and consider the art of accumulating wealth as the greatest human excellence.

In consequence of their frequent intermarriages with the nobility, the merchants of London are not only more refined, but more luxurious than their ancestors. Many of them are possessed of elegant villas in the circumjacent counties, to which they occasionally retire from the bustle of business ; but the love of rural scenes, which is so natural to man, seldom predominates in the mind of the merchant, till he has realised an immense fortune. Indeed, the love of gain has become so habitual to several citizens, that they pursue that species of gambling called stock-jobbing, long after they have resigned the
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more arduous toils of commerce. The darling pursuit of the merchant is wealth, and he cheerfully devotes the whole energies of his mind to the attainment of that object.

The amusements of opulent citizens are similar to those of the great, whose fashions and follies the city dames and belles are emulous to imitate. They tread in the path defined by the arbitresses of the mode ; and their expensive and crowded routs prove their strong propensity to pleasurable extravagance.

Another trait of their increasing passion for dissipation, is the eagerness with which the wives and daughters of the merchants annually visit the watering-places. There, freed from the restraints of domestic propriety, they boldly launch into the stream of *high life* ; where, steered by Passion, they are often shipwrecked on the shoals of levity, or ingulphed by the quicksands of vice.

The principal foible of the more respectable order of citizens is self-importance, assumed from a consciousness of the possession of riches. Their most shining qualities are probity and benevolence.

A great proportion of the opulent tradesmen of London, not having country seats, and their amusements being limited by the locality of their sphere of action, they naturally turn their attention to the enjoyment of domestic comfort. In this respect they are undoubtedly happier than any other mercantile people upon the globe. Indeed, the elegance and convenience of their houses and furniture, the excellence of their food, and their cleanliness of person and dress, are indescribable.

With respect to the generality of those artists, tradesmen, and mechanics, who inhabit the city, they are a self-opinionated people. Accustomed to behold the magnificence of public buildings, and the abundance of merchandise which fills the shops and warehouses, they, by an absurd association of ideas, consider themselves connected with this grandeur and opulence, and hold every foreigner in contempt.

Their pride, however, seldom originates in a consciousness of personal merit; in that respect it must be acknowledged they are unassuming. They form a much more judicious estimate of the value of things; and are proud of their riches, the opulence of their relatives, comparatively brisk trade, and other accidental circumstances. Their knowledge is very limited, insomuch, that they would prefer a good dinner, or even a pot of porter and a clean pipe, to the circle of the sciences.

In consequence of this too general neglect of learning, many remain in a state of ignorance, which, notwithstanding their expertness in trade, renders them liable to be duped by quack doctors and impostors of every description. Indeed, their self-love is highly gratified by these gentleman-like foreigners, who come smiling and bowing to impose upon their credulity. They imagine that these strangers are drawn hither by the fame of the capital, and come to admire its inhabitants.

Their mental attainments are generally confined to a knowledge of trade, and the calculation of money; and they really consider themselves as the greatest people in the world. A citizen of London! enviable pre-eminence!

nence! which no deficiency of genius can deprive the happy possessor of! This alone confers an imaginary dignity on every rank of citizens, from the smutty sweep-chimney to the gambling stock-jobber.

While the citizen beholds men of various nations throng to London, his estimation of himself, and his contempt of the adventurers who come to partake of his bounty, are both raised to the highest pitch. On the other hand, the ingenious and the knavish who assemble here, are attracted by the fame of the metropolis, and consider the natives as a dull, plodding, mercantile race, who are incapable of generous sentiments, and must be duped by a variety of artifices.

Their wives and daughters often visit the theatres, where they make a rapid progress in *refinement*. Wonderful, indeed, must be the improvement of our youthful females who frequent those elegant temples of the Graces, where nonsense is too often substituted for wit, and pantomime for tragedy. Yet these are the places where our gay young women obtain refined sentiments, still further cherished by the frippery of novels and romances, the perusal of which confines the mind to girlish attainments, ferments impure desires, and inflates female pride.

One characteristic of the wives and daughters of the citizens is, the freedom with which they analyse the actions of their neighbours. They liberally censure each other, not from any gratification which they receive from satire, but purely for mutual edification. This love of scandal, which so generally prevails among the natives of London, is che-

ished by their circumscribed situation : great minds like theirs, unwilling to remain inactive, must have some interesting object to contemplate and expatiate on.

In this point of view, every tea-table conversation may be considered as a lecture of moral philosophy, where the auditors are instructed in the best mode of tracing the defects of others.

With respect to the modish part of the pedestrians of both sexes, they appear as much under the influence of frivolity as ever. Their ablutions at Brighton and Margate during the summer, has prepared them for the resumption of their hyemal pursuits ; such as theatricals, masquerades, gaming, and intrigue.

The beaux, indeed, are not altogether so effeminate as they appeared last winter. The *trowsers* are not so complete an imitation of the loose drapery of the petticoat as formerly ; nor are their collars stuffed so full as to give the appearance of a *crick*. They have not, however, divested themselves of that ridiculous severity of look, which they assume in order to appear *men of spirit and consequence* ; or that conceited air, which seems to say, " I'm a very elegant young fellow, an't I ?"

But the ladies, notwithstanding the return of peace, seem determined to continue hostilities against the other sex, and have actually opened the campaign in a manner which does honour to their spirit, though it leads us to question their prudence. For instance, they wage war like the ancient Gauls, exposing themselves, almost naked, to the rigour of a wintry atmosphere. They also paint, probably in imitation of the

the savage nations, who stain their bodies with different colours, in order to terrify the enemy. This mode of defence has a very different effect among us; for it is observable, that the heroines thus equipped, in consequence of wearing their thin *coat of mail*, or rather *coat of paint*, are assailed with greater ardour by their opponents.

Female habiliments have long been remarkable for the delicacy of the texture; but we do not find that economy is consulted with respect to price, for the robe, or even the veil, of a fashionable lady, is more costly than a whole suit of the plain kind. It must be an universal passion to excite admiration, which causes our lovely women to risk their health and reputation, by appearing in the public streets and theatres in a garb similar to that worn by demireps or actresses. The childish exposure of their *elbows* is truly ridiculous; and, for the better preservation of the health of those who are mothers and nurses of the rising generation, it might be expedient for the legislature to levy a tax upon every woman who appeared in public with naked arms or elbows. Hence those fair ones who preferred admiration to gold, might *exhibit* according to the statute.

Pope Innocent XI. published an edict, "commanding women to cover their shoulders, their necks, and their arms to the wrist." Such a law in England would certainly be conducive to the health of our lovely women; but the dear creatures are so generous, that they would rather suffer from the frequent changes of the weather, than selfishly conceal their beauties! Many of them, it is true, will doubtless experience aches and pains in their

old age, as a reward for this liberality, and a just retribution for the frequent heart-aches with which they now torment their admirers.

During the late rigorous winter, however, several philosophic ladies shielded their delicate forms in the Turkish *pelisse*. Should they improve on this idea, and adopt the *mabramah*, or thick veil worn in Turkey, their beauties would be completely eclipsed. Their passion for admiration will probably prevent this transition. The sudden change from a light and almost transparent dress, to a velvet pelisse, with a *wadding* so thick that the arms and shoulders of the wearer seem wrapped up for the gout or rheumatism, is another proof that propriety and fashion go hand in hand. From the increased perspiration of the delicate fair one, this dress may be called *the tepid-bath of fashion*; nay, it is evident that the ladies have studied geography, and having discovered that bears and other *wild animals* in the northern regions are covered with a thick fur, they have wisely imitated nature, by a dress suitable to the season.

Some advocate for modish variety may exclaim, "This cynic is equally displeased with a thin and warm dress, and satirises the fashions, rather from a desire to vent his spleen, than to correct impropriety." The female habit, however, ought neither to be so light as to give the wearer the appearance of a paper kite, subject to be carried away by every sudden gust; nor so warm as to remind us of the climate of Russia or Lapland. Simplicity of dress is, like modesty of manners, the handmaid of grace. Gorgeous ornaments distract the imagination of the observer,

server, and the wearer, like the silkworm, is hid amid her own magnificence. But a decent garb, adjusted to the elegant contour of the female form, concealing those beauties that would obtrusively force themselves upon our observation, and harmonising with a virtuous mind - this is the dress that we should recommend to the fair sex; and which, combined with a modest demeanour, is more attractive than the cestus of Venus! can render even beauty more amiable, impress the idea of angelic perfection and innocence on the mind of the beholder, and compel us to adore virtue, thus personified in woman!

As to painting, several of our *limned ladies* have, by the repeated application of beautifiers, so effectually closed the pores of the face and bosom, as to prevent perspiration; and they have gradually attained a sallow hue similar to figures in composition. Their nudity, at the public theatres, is a demonstration of their almost hopeless state; while the philosophic coxcombs who surround them, seem to consider them *merely as elegant paintings*—nay, *as a part of the entertainment*!

Even the affectation of humanity is carried to a most disgusting excess. To behold women of sensibility and elegant manners, lavishing their affections on lap-dogs, monkeys, cats, parrots, and singing-birds, is odious to the reflecting mind, since it is turning the social passions out of their natural course, and bestowing that kindness on brutes, which the CREATOR gave to be employed in promoting social happiness. Indeed, when we behold a lady clasping a lap-dog to her breast, we are almost

ready to imagine that her disposition is brutal, and congenial with that of the *canine* favourite.

The dignity of man is sometimes degraded by the subordination which is necessary in every well-regulated community ; but the most reprehensible species of *menial* servility, is that of a footman being obliged to follow his lady, with her lap-dog or umbrella in his hand : it is a still more objectionable degradation of the manly mind, when an aged footman attends three or four sprightly young ladies, as if he were appointed a spy on their actions : but the most odious servility is that of an honest warm-hearted young fellow, waiting, like her shadow, upon the capricious ramble of some kept-mistress, whose masculine strut, supercilious bow, and pouting lip, indicate the pride of her heart.

Ladies of quality, indeed, should not venture to walk unattended by a footman, who might act in the double capacity of servant and protector. The expedience of such a custom is evident, as the ladies are embellished with so many attractive ornaments, that they might tempt the most frigid philosopher. Whether we consider them as *women* or *paintings*, they are invaluable ; and if a connoisseur would not scruple to give a thousand guineas for an original portrait by an eminent master, how inestimable must those elegant beings appear who combine in themselves the artist and the animated original ! As for their *drapery*, it is often more precious than the woman ; and if we include the trinkets, a modern fine lady is almost as superbly decorated as our Lady of Loretto ;

Loretto ; nay, the price of her watch and seals would be sufficient to furnish the shop of a male painter.

From this view of our fashionable female pedestrians, the necessity of an attendant is obvious. Indeed, the footman, entrusted with such a precious charge, should be as watchful as the Hesperian dragon, since, from her multitudinous attractions, the lovely rambler will run the risk of being carried off by street-robbers, and reduced to a state of nature by the spoliation of covetousness ; or she may be mistaken for a woman of the town by some rake, and decoyed from the path of honour.

When we reflect on the frequent slips of those frail daughters of Eve who adorn the circles of fashion, we must confess, that they do not seem sufficiently cautious. Perhaps their propensity to intrigue proceeds from excessive sensibility, and consequently the poor things are not blameable ; as, according to the Wolstencraftian philosophy, *they did not make themselves*. Yet, by the bye, it would not be amiss for several of those gentlemen who are blessed with beautiful and *high-spirited* dames, to pay some trusty old footman a liberal salary for guarding the *snow-like* chastity of his mistress, which is so prone to melt away in the sunshine of pleasure.

But let us return to common life. Modern refinement has spread rapidly throughout this vast community, in-
somuch that gentility is affected by every class of our fellow-citizens. A most curious variety of dialects distinguish the different classes almost as effectually, as if
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they were clothed in a peculiar habit, like the East-Indian *casts*. Nevertheless, by occasional visits to the theatres, even the most vulgar have caught a few fashionable words, which they intermingle with their own phraseology, thus forming a most curious jargon. The word *woman* is obsolete, and would be considered as a term of reproach even by an oyster-wench! Every individual of the fair sex is either a *female* or a *lady*. Instead of that broad sonorous word *w . . .*, we use the more elegant term *prostitute*; indeed the bold old English epithet is too harsh for the delicate auricular nerves of our females or ladies, many of whom would feel as much alarm on hearing it, as a valetudinarian would at the mention of death.

Several other words have been disused by the puppyism of modern refinement. There is no such thing as *sweat* now-a-days; even the coal-porter and the butcher's boy *perspire*—elegant creatures! Yet the exudation from the pores was called *sweat* by MILTON, a man of the most exalted taste and comprehensive genius; a man, whose works will be read with admiration, when our lisping *automata*, with their *perspiration*, their *ennui*, and their *à-propos*, shall be forgotten.

Let us turn our attention to the streets, thronged with a motley multitude. Some bowling along in superb chariots, with a splendid retinue; others dashing through thick and thin on horseback; while the majority bustle along on foot in different directions. How soon would the selfish passions of the human heart render this assemblage

semblage a scene of uproar and outrage, were they not restrained by equitable laws! But whither are they all hurrying?—Every one is in pursuit of “Happiness, our being’s *end* and *aim*.”

CHARACTERISTICS AND ANECDOTES

OF

DISTINGUISHED PERSONS IN THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

THE NOBLE COACHMAN.

WE can boast of a greater number of *noble coachmen* than any other nation in the world; and many of our skilful nobility and gentry can rival any of the sons of Phaeton, in managing the reins and smacking the whip.

Some of those spirited individuals, indeed, are not complete proficient in the noble art of driving, and are therefore liable to accidents, which, as might be expected, only tend to rouse the fortitude and enterprise of those heroes. A fall upon the pavement may be equally efficacious with an electrical shock in exciting the *energy* of the animal spirits; and a contusion, provided no bones are broken, may propel the blood with redoubled force into another direction, and be the means of curing palsy or gout; nay, should the adventurous operator dislocate his neck, it will be *a most effectual cure for the heart-ache*.

Not long since Sir Harry Hairbrain, Bart. drove his sociable four in hand through * * * * street; his servant

sat

sat at his left-hand with his arms folded, enjoying his afternoon's nap, while Lady Hairbrain appeared in the vehicle with a majestic air of superiority. One of the handmaids of Pomona, commonly called a retailer of fruit, suddenly crossed the street with her wheel-barrow; the horses took fright at her discordant screams, and set off full speed over the poor woman, ran against a scavenger's cart, and pitched the beautiful Lady Hairbrain headlong into the accumulated filth of several streets; while Sir Harry fell on the pavement, and broke both a leg and an arm, and his unfortunate servant was awaked out of a most agreeable dream by a fall into the street. It is to be hoped that such a deplorable accident, which had nearly been the death of a whole family, will make gentlemen who delight in the *sublime science of coachmanship* somewhat more circumspect in the display of talents which may cost them their lives. A few days' practice on Wimbledon-common would be an excellent preparative, as a fall on the turf would be unattended with any danger, except that of a dislocation, or the rupture of a blood-vessel; while, on the other hand, the loss of the *equilibrium* in the streets of London, might be attended with concomitant dangers;—such as being dashed to pieces on the pavement, or rode over while down by some drunken hackney-coachman, or *desperate equestrian hero!*

THE PHILOSOPHIC COXCOMB.

THE philosophic coxcomb is a new species of automaton, unknown to our ancestors, and undescribed by our contemporaries.

Sir William Wiseacre stands at the head of this numerous and respectable class. He proceeds with geometrical exactness in all his transactions. Finery is no mark of his character ; on the contrary, he wears a plain coat, and, as if in ridicule of the common fop, he decorates his menials with gorgeous liveries.

Sir William walks with a stiff and formal air, partly occasioned by the braces which he very judiciously purchased of Martin Van Butchel, and partly by the pride of wealth and rank.

From the pensiveness of his aspect, it might be imagined that Sir William was a man of feeling—the very reverse is the case ; for, as hypocrisy assumes a look of sanctity, so the philosophic coxcomb's apparent melancholy is only a mask to conceal his stupidity.

Sir William is amorous, but he consults his reason, and renders his pleasures subservient to his health. Sometimes, indeed, he manifests contortions of aspect, not in unison with happiness ; but his feelings are ever selfish, and his apparent pain is occasioned by the nausea of a debauch, or perhaps by the pressure of a pair of new boots ! Are you in distress ? Sir William hears your complaint with the most stoical indifference, and he contemplates your happiness with equal apathy.

This

This philosopher has a great number of imitators; perhaps not less than *one thousand philosophic coxcombs* annually visit London; and were Sir William to die, they might all with propriety claim a part of his property, as near relations to the family of the Wiseacres! These gentlemen violate the moral duties with impunity. They are shameless, irreligious, and so insignificant, that they seem to consider themselves as born for no other purpose but to consume the necessaries of life, and walk about idly with their white hands covered with soft gloves! Indeed, they are such perfect blanks in the creation, that were they transported to some other place, the community would never miss them, except in the diminution of follies and vices. Like poisonous plants, they merely vegetate, diffuse their contagious effluvia around, then sink into corruption, and are forgotten for ever!

THE FEMALE MASQUERADER.

THIS lady has long been distinguished for the elegance and profusion of her entertainments. *The masqued ball* is her favourite amusement; and to obtain *notoriety*, she scrupled not to change a chapel into a Cyprian temple, for the celebration of the profane orgies of voluptuousness.

We are dazzled with the splendour of female extravagance which erected a pavilion glorious as the infernal Pandemonium! Such was the refinement of fashionable manners in London at the commencement of the nineteenth

teenth century, that a place appropriated to devotion was turned into a *menagerie*, where the *goats* and *monkeys* of high life participated the intoxicating cup of *Comus*.

But, alas ! how transient is worldly glory ! In consequence of the decease of her uxorious mate, the *frugal* widow is now left to starve on fifteen hundred a-year ! Poor dear soul, she may well exclaim, “ Adieu ! a long adieu to all my greatness ! ”—her masquerades and routs must be discontinued, while she is obliged to shroud her beauties in retirement. She need not be apprehensive of being harassed by visitors ; it is quite unfashionable to sympathise with the unfortunate.

THE AMBITIOUS LADY.

THIS gay and vivacious female has, for many years, danced along the sunny path of prosperity, into which she was conducted by love in her youthful bloom. Her ruling passion is insatiable ambition, and by the combined powers of a refined taste and acute understanding, she obtained such an ascendancy in the fashionable world, that she has been able to accomplish her eager desire of noble alliances. Indeed, so determined is the *ambitious lady* respecting this favourite object, that she has been heard to declare, that her remaining daughter shall *lead apes* sooner than amalgamate with plebeian alloy. Nothing inferior to patrician gold will do, and coronets, stars, and garters,

garters, occupy her imagination : *Egregious and imperious woman!* as if happiness consisted in titles, equipages, or the isolated formality of rank.

Her unsuccessful attempt to entangle a noble agriculturist in the matrimonial net, has been the occasion of much mirth in the circles of fashion. When this rustic peer discovered that her G—— pursued him on the same principle that she would hunt a *musk-rat*, he *ungraciously* fled beyond the sphere of her influence ; and he has since been very cautious of approaching the purlieus of dissipation, where the fair sportswoman continues to prowl in quest of quarry, though she often finds her vigilance frustrated, and the prey snatched from her grasp by *poachers*, particularly *opera-girls*, *female singers*, and *actresses*.

THE PINK OF NOBILITY.

THIS amiable and accomplished woman, whose heart beats in unison with the most generous emotions, has, on all occasions, evinced a superiority of intellect combined with the most conciliating urbanity. With a poetic genius, chaste and classic, and a taste refined by conversation with the most intelligent persons of both sexes, the *pink of nobility* is estimable for still greater perfections. It is the pride and pleasure of her heart to fulfil the social duties of daughter, wife, and mother ; and happy would be for many high-bred dames were they to imitate her example,

example, and relinquish their chase of the phantom PLEASURE, which they now pursue through the labyrinth of life, like those idiots who throng to gaze on the *optical illusions* of the magic lantern at the PHANTASMAGORIA.

The fair subject of this sketch has long been the patroness of genius ; and if she has, in some instances, been attracted by the whirlpool of fashionable amusements, she ever preserved the dignity of virtue ; and shared the frivolities of others, rather to avoid the imputation of singularity than from levity of disposition.

This incomparable female is as great a favourite of the Muses as of the Graces ; and they mutually inspired her mind, when, in the concluding stanza of an elegant poem to her children, she thus describes her maternal feelings :

“ Hope of my life ! dear children of my heart !
 That anxious heart to each fond feeling true,
 To you still pants each pleasure to impart,
 And more — oh transport ! — reach its home and you.”

THE MAGNANIMOUS CHEVALIER.

THIS honourable man is probably the descendant of a druid, and that he inherits the merciful disposition of his ancestors is evident, from the delight which he has taken in human sacrifices. Born to the inheritance of a considerable tract of land, instead of pursuing agricultural improvements, he relinquished the plough for the sabre ;
 and

and being sent on a crusade, he soon gave incontestable proofs of his zeal and prowess by the immolation of old men and boys, the frightening women and children into fits, and illuminating the landscape by burning the cottages of the peasantry.

While engaged in these exploits, he received a contusion in the hand, by a stone thrown by some old woman. It is to be regretted that the greatest heroes are sometimes doomed to perish by the most ignoble instruments. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, lost his life by a similar disaster. The *magnanimous chevalier* was more fortunate, for when his delicate nerves recovered from the tremor occasioned by the accident, he summoned all his fortitude, and resolved to imitate some hero celebrated in the annals of chivalry.

The chevalier Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," came to the recollection of our doughty knight, who reflected that though by imitating that brave soldier, and dying with his face to the enemy, he might have the felicity of being recorded by the historic muse, yet wishing to continue a little longer in this world, he resolved to imitate some other knight equally celebrated.

The illustrious Sir John Falstaff was the man, and our hero, loudly exclaiming, "*Honour has no skill in surgery!*" scampered off the field of battle as fast as his Bucephalus could carry him.

Soon after his arrival in a place of safety, the news of the discomfiture of his *ferocious myrmidons* reached his ears; and he wept with all imaginable woe at their untimely end, exclaiming amid his sobs, "Had the poor fellows

fellows followed my example, they might yet have been in the land of the living !”

Our valiant and sagacious chevalier next tried his abilities in a great assembly, where his rhetorical efforts have generally been confined to a monosyllable, or a few significant shrugs.

In the circles of fashion, he is distinguishable for a broad, smooth, unmeaning countenance, overspread with a settled smirk, like the thin film which covers the surface of a fetid and stagnant pool. With respect to intellectual endowments, his reason is very little above the fixed mercury of idiocy ; but his muscular powers, in scenes of festivity, have, on some occasions, recommended him to the notice of the fashionable fair, who are seldom capable of judging beyond exterior accomplishments.

THE TEMPLE OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

A VISION.

RUMINATING the other evening upon the numerous discoveries which the ingenious are daily making in philosophy, I was led by a train of thought to an anticipation of the future fame of our sages and literati. While I continued absorbed in these reflections I fell asleep, and a wonderful vision presented itself to my imagination.

Methought I found myself travelling on a wide road, accompanied by several persons of both sexes, whose looks betrayed ardour and impatience. As they proceeded, I found by their conversation, that they were going to the Temple of Modern Philosophy, to receive from the Goddess the reward of their services. I felt an inclination to turn back, from a consciousness that I had done nothing to merit her favour; but my companions excited my curiosity, by describing the magnificence of the Temple and the benignity of the Goddess, insomuch that I resolved to proceed.

We soon arrived at the entrance of the Temple, which was grand beyond description. Triumphal arches, adorned with festoons, and dedicated to the honour of

VOLTAIRE, BOLINGBROKE, SHAFTESBURY, ROUSSEAU, HUME, and GIBBON, led to the portico, which was supported by the most magnificent columns of white marble ; they were of the elegant Corinthian order ; but, what appeared to me very extraordinary, they were inverted ! The portico was open, emblematic of the philanthropy of the *new* philosophy, who unfolds her mysteries to the human race.

My companions, who had disputed during our journey with all the eagerness of competition, were now silent. A sacred awe seemed to pervade the assembly, as we slowly advanced into the body of the Temple. A vast azure curtain of silk bespangled with diamonds, reflecting the rays of several lustres which illumined the lofty dome, was suddenly raised, and we beheld Philosophy seated on a throne of gold, adorned with gems, "*in all the hues reflected light can give.*" She was a majestic figure ; her countenance exhibited the delicate bloom of youth, dignified with the intelligence of riper years, and enlivened by a seductive smile that fascinated the beholder. Her robe was purple ; she wore a crown of gold, inscribed with the words NECESSITY, REASON, VIRTUE, in the three primitive colours of nature. On her right hand sat PRIDE, adorned with jewels, and inflated with the idea of self-importance ; on her left, VANITY appeared in a garment of many colours, continually varying her posture, and viewing herself, with smiles, in a mirror.

Before the throne stood SOPHISTRY ; whose robe changed its hue every moment ; an insidious smile played over her features, and she held in her right hand a cup
filled

filled with intoxicating nectar. FASHION stood behind Sophistry, with her eyes turned alternately on the goddess and her votaries.

The wall of the temple, behind the throne, was composed of one entire prismatic substance, through which the most enchanting perspective views delighted the eye. Shady groves, sunny glades, trees bending with fruitage, flowers of variegated bloom, clear fountains, sprightly cascades, embellished with sunshine from an unclouded sky, presented a most inviting paradise.

We gazed with mute admiration: the Goddess waved her silver sceptre, and instantly the temple was filled with harmony. The music was quite in the modern taste, of that lively kind which excludes the strong passions, and excites to mirth by a gentle titillation. Philosophy again waved her sceptre; the music ceased; and, while our bosoms were thrilling with pleasurable sensations, she thus addressed us:—

“ My beloved votaries! welcome, thrice welcome to all the delights of wisdom! You shall all participate the bounty of Philosophy; but the metaphysician, as the most profoundly versed in my *arcana*, is entitled to the most distinguished honours. Sophistry! lead the venerable KANT to my throne; I long to reward a veteran who has so often contended against my enemies.”

The sage was led forward by Sophistry, who presented her cordial to his lips. Having taken an exhilarating draught, he thus addressed Philosophy:—

“ Great Goddess, who hast been adored in every age under different names, behold an aged man, who, for a

series of years, has studied thy mysteries. Like thy adorers among the ancients, I have described thee as the child of Nature; and, by inculcating the doctrine of *necessity*, I have demonstrated, that it is to thee alone we are to look for the development of the human faculties; that under thy influence the morals of society are in a state of progressive improvement towards that *perfectibility*, which is attainable by reason. The simplicity of this system excludes future retribution, and I have imperceptibly induced numbers of proselytes to consider thee as *the first and only fair*. Convinced of the propensity of the human mind to superstition, and aware of the charms of novelty, I denominated thy doctrine the *Critical Philosophy*, as one that investigated the imperfections of all other institutions. Finally, O Goddess! I have argued, that with thy aid the generations of mankind will attain perfection. Thy handmaid, Sophistry, has often visited and inspired me with *sublime* and *profound* ideas; and, with the aid of the witty who have become proselytes to thy system, I hope to establish thy dominion over mankind. Myriads of *Illuminati*, of both sexes, irradiate the Continent, and the people of Britain seem well inclined to the adoption of thy precepts. It must be the study of thy disciples to effect a revolution in morals; and, by indulging the human passions and appetites, persuade the nations that pleasure is the reward of thy votaries."

When the Philosopher ceased, the Goddess smiled with ineffable affection, and, extending her right hand, the sage kissed it with the utmost devotion. Sophistry
then

then led him to a seat on the right side of the throne, where he immediately sunk into slumber.

The next person singled from the crowd was the redoubtable dramatist, KOTZEBUE. There was a wild and impetuous ardour in his eye, the effect of an effervescent genius. He came forward with a confident look, like a man of the world, who considered effrontery as a proof of his good-breeding. Sophistry offered him her newly-replenished cup; but he declined it, and, with an arch smile, whispered, "No, my dear friend, I have so long been accustomed to quaff your nectar, that it has become insipid to me; but I have persuaded thousand to drink so deeply of it as to produce complete intoxication."

He then looked up to Philosophy with a vivacious air, and thus expressed his pretensions to her favour:—

"All-beauteous idol, behold thy warmest advocate, who comes to lay the wreath of genius at thy feet. 'Tis to thy irresistible influence, O Philosophy! that I owe the success of my endeavours to *immoralise* Europe! I have disseminated thy doctrine among the higher classes of mankind, many of whom have adored thee as their tutelary divinity; by my ridicule of religion and the artful exhibition of sensuality, under the guise of nobleness of mind, I have at once effected the depravation of taste and morals. In Germany, France, and England, my dramas have, in co-operation with deism and atheism, turned the current of popular opinion in thy favour. In France I found but little difficulty to establish my sentiments, as that nation has ever preferred pompous pro-

cessions and extravagant ideas to simplicity and good sense ; but in England I met, and still continue to meet, with several obstacles, among a people, who have hitherto been accustomed to consider the passions as the auxiliaries of Virtue. The genius of my translators, however, has partly triumphed over the obstinate taste of their countrymen, and prejudice is vanishing before thy effulgence."

The Goddess replied, " My dear Kotzebue, thou hast been an active and indefatigable servant :—receive thy reward." She then touched him with her sceptre, and his raiment was suddenly changed to a purple robe, bestudded with brilliants. Fashion then led him to a seat beside that of his countryman.

Several other candidates for reward now came forward, among whom I recognised PAINE, and a celebrated modern Lyrist. The Goddess gave them all a most gracious reception ; but she conferred particular honours on the facetious bard. " Welcome," said she, " my witty, my incomparable son ! to thy genius am I indebted for the progress of my power in Britain. Thy more than Orphean lyre has transformed many who were formerly discreet into satyrs of dissipation. Fashion, crown thy favourite poet with his well-earned laurel, and let the wreath be sufficiently thick to defend his venerable head from the cane of an insolent adversary. Place him beside his illustrious compeer Kotzebue."

A whimsical-looking individual, apparently intoxicated, now approached the throne. I discovered that he was a *Senator*, who had written a *Romance* which was prejudicial

cial to the cause of virtue. The Goddess beckoned to Sophistry, who conducted him to a seat beside the Poet.

A party of females now entered the Temple.—Their dress was in the extreme of the mode; each wore a wig, and seemed to take a pride in the exposure of the neck and bosom. One of the train bore a standard, with this inscription, *EQUALITY OF THE SEXES*. The air of self-sufficiency, the broad and scrutinising stare, the authoritative brow, and masculine stride, of these ladies, excited my surprise; and although I did not see any offensive weapons, I fancied for a moment that they were a detachment of Amazons.

The Standard-bearer thus addressed the Goddess:—
 “We are come, O celestial Philosophy! to worship in thy Temple; to prefer our vows, and supplicate thy inspiration. We have formed a new class of intelligent beings, and are known by the denomination of *FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS*. Our enemies have stigmatised us with the name of Voluptuaries, because we inculcate the unrestrained indulgence of the passions, and invite mankind to enjoy the pleasures of life; but the feeble opposition of our calumniators must shrink into non-existence before the enchanting delights which thou hast prepared for thy votaries. To prove our claim to thy protection, we have disseminated thy principles by every means which wit could suggest or genius promote. We have written poems, romances, and novels, for this purpose, and translated every work that we conceived would tend to inflame the heart and corrupt the morals of others; and we have been successful beyond our most sanguine hopes.

It remains for thee, O beloved Philosophy ! to reward us according to our respective merits ; and when each claimant has detailed her achievements in thy service, we hope that thou wilt *at least* place us upon an equality with the other sex, and realise our long-wished-for love of power."

When this fair orator had concluded her speech, another female advanced with a most graceful and theatric air; but she was prevented from the exertion of her eloquence by the Goddess, who expressed her approbation of the party with smiles of triumph. "Glorious æra!" she exclaimed; "when woman has assumed her natural equality, and demonstrated, that '*the love of pleasure and the love of sway*' predominate in every exhausted female mind. Yes, my beautiful votaries, you shall be placed upon an equality with your admirers, who sit at my right hand. There is no necessity for each of you to mention her claims; for, though I have long been convinced of the eloquence of the sex, and doubt not that your orations on this occasion would fill a folio volume, I would recommend it to you to reserve your rhetoric to persuade your husbands, lovers, and mankind at large, of my superior title to their devotion."

Although the ladies seemed disappointed at not being permitted to speak successively, yet, when Sophistry conducted them to a seat equally elevated with that of the male philosophers, and when they surveyed the superb canopy above their heads, I could observe their eyes sparkle with pleasure.

These distinguished female philosophers being seated,

Sophistry addressed the motley throng which filled the area before the throne, and whom I discovered, by their discourse, to be Pamphleteers, who had written in favour of the Goddess.

“ Beloved auxiliaries ! ” cried Sophistry, “ none of you shall go unrewarded. Philosophy is ever beneficent to her adorers. You shall ”. Here she was interrupted by a confused noise from without, and a female, called Terror, rushed into the Temple, vociferating, with frantic gestures, “ The enemy is coming ! ” These dreadful sounds produced dismay throughout the assembly. Even the Goddess trembled on her throne, and all her worshippers seemed thunderstruck. A vivid splendor now illumined the portico, and the next moment RELIGION entered. Her stature was tall, her countenance majestic and serene ; a diadem of the three hues of the rainbow surrounded her head, and her robe was light azure of the most delicate tint of the celestial regions, whence she had descended. On her right appeared her faithful attendant Truth, who held a burning-glass in her left hand, and a fiery sword in her right. The other attendant of Religion was Morality, who appeared on her left, clothed in white, and holding in her left hand a Bible, into which she looked with reverential love.

Religion now approached the throne of her enemy, and, with a voice at once melodious and impressive, thus addressed the assembly :—“ Unhappy beings ! your enmity against me has effected your own destruction. By embracing the delusive pleasures of *Sensuality*, whom you

misnamed *Philosophy*, your minds are incapacitated for the enjoyment of my simple but permanent delights ; it only remains, in obedience to the dictates of immutable justice, that you should be punished for your impious writings, which have misled such numbers of your fellow-creatures. . . . Advance, O Truth ! my faithful attendant, and with thy resistless sword destroy these *soul-slayers*, and let their influence cease from this moment."

Truth instantly touched the throne of the NEW PHILOSOPHY with her fiery sword, and a wonderful metamorphosis took place throughout the Temple. Philosophy fell from her throne, and was changed into a viper ; the Metaphysician was transformed into a mole ; the Dramatist into a goat ; and the other sages into monkeys of different kinds. The female Philosophers were changed into parrots, and the Pamphleteers who surrounded me shrunk into the form of toads.

My heart fainted with horror as I gazed on these prodigies, and I every moment expected some dreadful change would befall myself for my temerity in visiting this odious place. While I stood speechless and trembling, Truth touched the floor with her sword, and a sudden concussion overturned the Temple from its foundation. The throne vanished in a thin vapour ; the vitreous wall disappeared ; and beyond, where it had expanded its deceptive medium, instead of a rich landscape, I beheld a blasted heath overgrown with thorns and thistles.

At this scene of desolation my fears increased ; I turned towards Religion, and was going to prostrate myself before

fore her, when Morality prevented me, and putting the Bible into my hand, whispered, "You are now safe; that book will direct you to the Temple of Religion, which is on the road to Salvation." My spirits were revived, and a new hope animated my heart, as I clasped the treasure of Divine Knowledge in my hands. Religion turned upon me her majestic eyes, beaming with philanthropy: "Fear not, O Man!" said she, "I will ever be thy guardian while thou pursuest the path pointed out by Revelation. Go, feeble mortal! reform thy manners; correct thy passions by the vigilance and authority of Reason; remember that Christianity is the *true Philosophy*, and that happiness consists in piety to the Creator, and universal benevolence."

While Religion was speaking, I felt unusual transport animate my heart, insomuch that I awoke and beheld the sun just rising. The vision of the night enlightened and purified my soul, and incited me to that activity in the performance of the social virtues, which alone can render the life of man valuable to himself and beneficial to his fellow-creatures.

POLITICAL QUACKERY.

Here public Zeal the alligator hides
 Her selfish eggs, and for their birth provides;
 Of incubation in no need they stand,
 But hatch in Popularity's hot sand;
 To prey with open mouths away they scour,
 Yet seem to mourn the country they devour.

ANON.

Man made for Kings! those optics are but dim
 That tell you so——say rather they for him.

* * * * * * *

Oh! bright occasions of dispensing good,
 How seldom used, how little understood!
 To nurse with tender care the thriving arts,
 Watch ev'ry beam philosophy imparts;
 To give religion her unbridled scope,
 Nor judge by statute a believer's hope;
 To touch the sword with conscientious awe,
 Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw;
 To sheath it in the peace-restoring close,
 With joy beyond what victory bestows:
 Blest country, where these kingly glories shine!
 Blest England, if this happiness be thine!

COWPER.

SINCE Peace has revisited Europe, where every good man wishes she may preside till time shall be no more, we may venture to investigate the motives which induced

Mr.

Mr. P*** and his *virtuous Coadjutors* to involve this country in a tedious and sanguinary contest with France.

May it not be fairly concluded that the late ministry involved their country in war that they might retain their places? This at once clears up the mystery: the motives were to them *just and necessary*. Besides, several symptoms in the body politic indicated inflammation, for which the principal *State Quack* very judiciously prescribed *phlebotomy*. Another alarming circumstance was, a superfluity of wealth, which, by the introduction of luxurious habits, threatened to corrupt the morals of the people. He therefore, like a true and disinterested patriot, collected the redundant cash and exported it to Germany, whence part of it has long since communicated the contagion of wealth to France. At the same time he recommended certain bits of paper, as a lighter circulating medium of *political sanity*, similar to the supposed beneficial effect of the *transfusion of blood*.

The taxes on hair-powder, armorial bearings, and income, were also introduced by the minister for the benevolent purpose of repressing pride and enforcing economy. To persons who were deeply infected with the political *mania*, he prescribed the *cold-bath* and solitary recesses, where there was "room for meditation ev'n to madness*."

Economics,

* The generous sympathy and humane exertions of a spirited commoner, in the investigation of the sufferings of State Prisoners confined in the cells of the House of Correction in Cold-bath Fields, merits the grateful acknowledgments of his countrymen. While

some

Economics, or the strictest frugality in the use of necessities, was recommended by this magnanimous man; "and, strange to tell! he practised what he preach'd." His abstemiousness was most remarkable in the use of wine, for it is well known that he seldom got drunk above *once a-day*. What an illustrious instance of self-denial in a man who carried the keys of *the iron chest of the State!* * * * * *

Indeed, abstinence was very reluctantly adopted by honest John Bull, who, from time immemorial, had been celebrated for his roast-beef and plum-pudding. He did not relish the flavour of Count Rumford's black broth, and he considered *digested bones* as a meagre substitute for his former nutritive aliment. Nay, even the asseverations of that *sublime naturalist*, Dr. Darwin, could not persuade John to become so far a *lover of plants*, as to believe that the branches of trees would make as good bread as wheat; and he considered the produce of his own corn-fields as preferable to the insipid rice of India.

When our wonderful *State Quack*, with the rest of his *under-graduates*, found that they could no longer impose upon the credulity of the people, they relinquished their project of destroying our *political constitution*, which their

some men, prompted by ambition, scruple not to violate the rights of free-men, it is gratifying to contemplate the struggles of the true patriot against oppression, and his unremitted and successful endeavours to mitigate the miseries of the disconsolate prisoner. Such have been the exertions of Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, who is entitled to a more glorious appellation than human pride can confer.—He is THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

nostrums

nostrums had reduced to the last stage of a galloping consumption. So miraculous, however, were the prescriptions of that celestial physician, PEACE, that the State is already a most hopeful convalescent, endued with a *renovation of vital energy* that will ensure the complete restoration of health and happiness.

Among other empirical remedies, *caustics* were recommended by certain philosophers, to consume the proud-flesh of the State ; but their rash application would have rendered the cure as bad as the disease. Their intemperate conduct and *wordy enthusiasm* were productive of great injury to the Constitution, by giving the State Quacks in office a pretext for the adoption of a severe regimen, which almost destroyed the patient.

Powerful correctives, like those administered by our late *State Doctor and his College of Political Physicians*, had reduced John Bull so low, that he was obliged to lean on the *oak* as his only support, and the staff of his old age.

Some State Physicians proposed alteratives, for the invigoration of the Constitution ; but, notwithstanding the eloquence of their *president*, JOHN has hitherto been very cautious of adopting their prescriptions. Indeed, the poor fellow has been so pestered with the importunity of his good friends *on both sides*, that he lately fell into a violent passion, and swore he believed they were all *Quack Doctors*, and he would no longer trust his life in their hands. John avers that "his British constitution is a very good one, if left to itself ; but d——n these

these modern physicians," cries he in a heat, " with their *bleeding*, and their *purgings*, their *alterative pills*, and *potions*, they have almost been the death of me! I wish these Quacks would let me alone, and I'll be bound my constitution will last for many centuries. But if I should be so foolish as to swallow the *mental cantbarides* imported from France, or submit to the continued application of the *lancet of war*, I should soon be a dead man!"

John is perfectly right, and now Peace and Plenty have returned, hand in hand, to reward him for his fortitude; and he has before him the blissful prospect of reviving commerce, and the firm re-establishment of that constitution, which has been violated under the *plea of necessity*.

Indeéd, the wisdom of Administration will be best demonstrated in their restoration of the Constitution to its primitive simplicity and dignity. This will be an effectual preventive to the introduction of what they call French Principles. The people of the United Kingdom have too much good sense to wish for the adoption of any other system of government, in preference to their own, which, in its original principles, contains the conservation of the rights of man. Even the boasted Consular government of France is, at best, a *political experiment*, the good or the pernicious effects of which, time only can discover.

With respect to parties, that animosity which too long prevailed seems gradually softening into good-will; and, indeed, while we descant on universal philanthropy, it is but

but rational that our charity should begin at home, and that congenial sentiments of brotherly love should animate the breasts of the community.

“ Friends, parents, kindred, first we should embrace;
Our country next, and next all human race.”

Perhaps the expression of joy never was more general and sincere than that of the people of London on the cessation of hostilities. Rich and poor, old and young, united in one gratulatory acclamation, and hailed the return of peace as the Laplanders welcome the sun.

At night a variety of beautiful illuminated transparencies were exhibited in several parts of the town; while the mingling rays of light from the coloured lamps and the windows, diffused a lustre at once glorious and enlivening. Strange as it may be thought, the indigent part of the community excelled the opulent in the art of illuminating. An artist of the *gentle craft* enlightened the whole front of his stall in Piccadilly with four candle-ends; and an old woman, who tempts every passing son of Adam with fruit, which must not be touched under the penalty of one halfpenny, displayed three whole candles in her temple of Pomona!

A notorious manufacturer of razor-strops gave a proof of his selfish disposition by the display of a transparency with the inscription “*Peace and a comfortable shave.*” Thus, with true commercial economy, this phlegmatic insect endeavoured to combine his selfish views with a semblance of public rejoicing!

From the horrid yells in different streets, and the blaze
of

of light, one might have been led to imagine, that, like old Rome, modern London had been set on fire by some descendant of Nero ; and that, like him, the incendiary had commanded the wild beasts at the Tower and Exeter-Change to be let loose on the people. But these shrieks and howls were not those of calamity, but triumph, proceeding from the throats of a most curious assemblage of butchers' boys, who seemed to take pride in the idea that the art of killing was to be exclusively confined to them.

Nor were the demonstrations of joy confined to butchers ; thousands of mechanics and shopmen shared the honours of disturbing the public peace by their vociferations on this occasion. Taylors, hair-dressers, and men-milliners, were most conspicuous, and destroyed large quantities of ammunition, swearing that as the war had begun in *smoke* it should end in *fire* ! Indeed, the fierce looks and martial stride of these heroes might have induced us to imagine that there was an invasion instead of a peace.

Several hearty cocks among the laborious classes, expressed their satisfaction by spontaneous bursts of laughter, which might be called the exuberance of mirth. Frolicksome young fellows hurried through the crowd, exclaiming " Don't shove the ladies ! " while they almost overturned every one that stood in their way ; and others, offended at persons who would not illuminate, broke their windows, thus demonstrating the puissance of the majesty of the people !

Persons of a philosophic cast contrived to unite economy

my with expence. A fishmonger in the Strand displayed the skin of a cod as a transparency, or rather as a sacrifice to departing famine; and a frugal householder in Bloomsbury-square, converted his drinking-glasses and salt-cellars into temporary lamps.

The buz of such a multitude of happy people in the streets, the music of barrel-organs, and the reiterated discharge of old rusty firelocks and pistols, filled the air with a concord of sweet sounds!

In several parts of the town, the feeling heart was gratified by observing all the social affections in full play. Mothers strained their little sons in a fond embrace, and pointed to the figure of peace; while beautiful young women accompanied their brothers, lovers, or husbands, and leaned with rapture on those arms for support, which were no longer endangered by the sabre of merciless ambition!

O! it was a most blissful sight, to see all the inhabitants of the greatest city in the world electrified by one universal sensation of joy! Where is the bosom so callous that would not participate this festival of humanity? where the mortal who would not rejoice in the termination of want and war?

The declamation of *men of swords* has too long domineered over the hearts of mankind; let us now do justice to the merit of *men of deeds*, and such deeds too, as, under the blessing of Divine Providence, facilitated the restoration of peace. Let us remember, that the Union Flag was triumphantly displayed on the towers of Alexandria by an Hibernian, who led our brave battalions to
conquest

conquest and to glory, while Fame overspread the tomb of his noble predecessor * with unfading laurel.

As for the empire of the Ocean it is all our own. The achievements of our sailors during the war have never been paralleled ; and our admirals, by a combination of talents, wisdom, and heroism, have obtained a series of naval victories, which will not only consecrate the fame of their country, but eternize their names in the annals of the world !

But after we have taken a retrospect of those more than chivalrous conquests, in which magnanimity triumphed over opposition, we may turn with still greater satisfaction to the contemplation of peace, which has once more harmonized the passions of the nations of Europe.

* General Abercromby.

DRAMATIC

DRAMATIC QUACKERY.

The loud demand from year to year the same,
 Cripples Invention and makes Fancy lame ;
 While *Farce* itself, most mournfully jejune,
 Calls for the kind assistance of a tune ;
 And authors hear one universal cry——
Tickle and entertain us, or we die !

COWPER.

OF all the amusements invented by the ingenuity of man, a theatric representation of human manners and passions is the most interesting and instructive. When the energy of sentiment, and the pathos of the warmest feelings of our nature, are combined with the dignified action of the tragic muse, we sympathize with suffering virtue, and we are warned against the practice of vice, which is productive of the most calamitous events.

The mirthful sallies of *Thalia* are still more pleasing, by holding, "*as it were, the mirror up to nature ;*" she satirises our follies in so agreeable a manner, that in the guise of mirth we embrace wisdom.

TRAGEDY may be termed the sublime, and COMEDY the beautiful, of the drama. The former rouses the passions by an irresistible appeal to the heart ; the latter, by exhibiting a lively portrait of whatever is ridiculous or censurable in public manners, at once corrects the foible and enforces propriety of conduct.

The

The earliest account we have of the English drama is recorded by Haywood, who informs us, that in the reign of Henry II. the *Mysteries*, a kind of representation of the miracles and select passages from Scripture, were exhibited by the monks in London. This theatric representation was succeeded by the *Moralities*, in which the virtues and vices were personified.

Interludes were first written and performed in the reign of Henry VIII.; and soon afterwards dramatic compositions, under the denomination of Tragedies and Comedies, were represented and published.

During the short reign of the superstitious and cruel Mary, taste was repressed by bigotry, and theatrical amusements suspended. On the accession of Elizabeth, however, the elegant entertainments of the stage were revived and cherished with renovated vigour. The Tragic Muse now visited Albion, and inspired her favourite Shakspeare, whose just delineation of characters and manners, and affecting expression of the passions, have never been equalled.

“ Each form of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds and then imagined new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil’d after him in vain.”

JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson, the contemporary of Shakspeare, also contributed to the improvement of the English drama.— His comedy of *Every Man in his Humour* has often been revived; and several of his pieces, notwithstanding obsolete

solecisms and the quaintness of the language, abound with lively characteristics of human nature, and spirited satire against vice and folly.

Since that period our drama has been gradually refined. The pathetic Otway and the elegant Rowe have been favoured with the inspiration of Melpomene; while Thalia bestowed her mirth-inspiring smiles on Cibber, Vanburgh, Farquhar, Congreve, and Steele.

Our comic writers, however, were rather the abettors of licentiousness than the correctors of folly; insomuch that a French author ascribes the depravity of public manners in this capital to the pernicious influence of our comedies.

Sentimental comedy deserves an exemption from this charge. Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, and several dramatic pieces of a similar nature, have contributed to polish and improve society: and our modern comedies, though more feeble and uninteresting, are more consistent with decorum, than the lively productions of our early comic writers.

The *West Indian*, the *School for Scandal*, the *Rivals*, and a few other good comedies, have rescued this age from the condemnation of stupidity; but, with the exception of these, the puerile and vulgar productions of the present race of dramatists, are too contemptible even to deserve the chastisement of satire.

Our modern comedies are, in general, flippant and uninteresting, abounding with a repetition of cant phrases, puns, and pert dialogue.

Pantomimic gesticulation and outrageous rant, intermingled

mingled with impious execrations, constitute the very spirit of modern tragedy: such is *Pizarro*. Indeed, the radical defect of the modern drama is the insignificance of the subject chosen by the writer.

Our greatest critic * observes, that "as knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines from the ear to the eye." Is it not evident then, in consequence of the rage for pompous processions, and the buffoonery of farce and pantomime, that the public taste is rather in a state of retrogression, and that the blue-beard stories of the nursery, so generously presented to his countrymen by Mr. Colman, may eventually prevail over the plays of Shakspeare?

Half a century has elapsed since the introduction of pantomime upon the English stage. This revolution in taste was effected by Queen Mab, a pantomime got up by Woodward; and the queen of the fairies so effectually enchanted the public, that often since that period, pantomimes have been popular when tragedies have been hissed off the stage. Was this in consequence of a depravation of morals, or did more luxurious habits render the national taste imbecile? Indeed, the success of pantomime is a proof that the people, who had long been accustomed to *feel*, gradually became satisfied with *seeing*. A sort of "second childishness" preferred show to sentiment; and the passion for nobler entertainments was refined into a desire to behold a gorgeous pageant, which, by filling the imagination, prevented the toil of thinking. Perhaps indolence is the cause of this lethar-

* Dr. Samuel Johnson.

gic apathy; if so, the disease is curable:—electricity may yet do wonders.

Let us now turn our attention to those recent innovations, by which the popular taste was insulted and depraved. The *Dramatic Empiricism* which occasioned a temporary suspension of the public judgment, deserves our particular animadversion, and shall therefore be introduced under the semblance of a species of mental disease.

This pest was first imported from the Continent in bundles of paper, inscribed with *Teutonic characters*, and translated into English, which communicated the contagion to the higher ranks of society with the rapidity of the electric fluid. The first symptoms were a strange admiration of ghosts, mouldering castles, sulphureous flames, bloody daggers, and other terrific images of a distempered imagination. In this stage of the disease it may be denominated the *Spectre-mania*; but on the introduction of a larger quantity of the infectious matter, the dangerous symptoms increased, and it assumed a formidable appearance under the name of *Kotzebue-mania*.

The unhappy wight who was destined to do this irreparable injury to the morals of his countrymen, was one Benjamin Thompson, whom the courtesy of this title-loving age has since dignified with the appellation *Esquire*! We are told that he concealed the papers impregnated with the infection for ten years, till, in a moment of enthusiasm, he sent them to the manager of one of the theatres, who administered the *virus* to the public.

This cruel disease, which has spared neither age nor sex in Germany, France, or England, takes its name from an empiric named Kotzebue. The patients were afflicted with a childish passion for noise, paintings, the startings and ravings of others deeply affected with the same distemper, and a strong abhorrence of common sense. This species of madness induced the women of every rank to divest themselves of a great part of their clothes. They also cut off their hair, which would have contributed to the restoration of health, had the disorder affected only the head, but unfortunately its principal malignancy operated on the heart, where it extinguished the light of morality which had been kindled by a virtuous education. What had formerly been considered crimes were metamorphosed into virtues, and religion and decency were thrown aside like old garments.

When the distemper became general, the people thronged to our places of public amusement, where the contagion was most powerful. Thither the old and the young, the grave and the gay, hastened, like insects, to flutter round the flame of licentiousness: to add to the absurdity, the very people who wasted their time and money in pursuit of a phantom, were clamorous against the high price of provisions! The curious names given to different portions of the infectious matter induced the people to purchase it just as they do other quack medicines. They had not the most remote idea that what was introduced under the plausible name of theatric entertainments could have any pernicious influence, till fatal experience

experience made them feel the imbecility produced by immoral dramas. On the introduction of the *Stranger*, our ladies thronged to behold the fair German who had made a fashionable slip. By a little conversation with her they not only caught the infection of the *Kotzebue-mania*, but were convinced that adultery was merely an amiable weakness, though they had so often heard it mentioned by English moralists as the most execrable deviation from the path of honour, and totally subversive of social felicity. The next dose was administered by a very skilful female quack, who gave it the name of *Lovers' Vows*, and by a happy termination demonstrated the beneficial consequences of seduction.

But this mental malady did not arrive at the greatest height till the introduction of *Pizarro*. The multitude thronged to see this monster. They held up their hands, opened their mouths, and gazed in stupid astonishment at the superb pageant that shone before their imagination. It was such a delightful enjoyment to sit at one's ease, and behold all the horrors, without encountering the dangers, of a battle and a thunderstorm. There was so much enthusiastic loyalty in the bombastic speech of *Rolla*, that even the critic with difficulty traced the sentiments, and detected the plagiarism, in the more simple and dignified lines of Cowper.

Those physicians of taste known by the name of Reviewers, had anxiously watched the progress of the *Kotzebue-mania* through every stage, till it arrived at a crisis, when they administered a variety of antidotes, some as correctives, and others as alteratives. When the feverish

symptoms abated, the convalescents were gradually restored, and the public taste, though yet *very poorly indeed*, will, it is to be hoped, recover from the imbecility brought on by this mental *apoplexy*.

It has been recommended, in order to prevent such fatal accidents in future, that all the productions of the Continent shall be examined by adequate judges, previous to their being landed, and that the vessels shall perform quarantine.

Such was the progress of the *Kotzebue-mania*, which had a more pernicious effect on the health and morals of the community than gin, or even the nostrums of quackery. Indeed, no disease has raged with such fatal malignancy in this capital since the plague in 1665.

Scarcely had the fury of this malady subsided, and a general convalescence taken place, when the public sanity was endangered by another visitation of a much more benign nature. Music, soul-subduing music, came, upon the wings of Favonius, from the soft clime of Italy, to soothe the British ear. Our public singers may, in a moment of vanity, address the audience in the language of the syrens:

“Blest is the man ordain’d our voice to hear!

The song instructs the soul and charms the ear.

Approach! thy soul shall into rapture rise!

Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!”

On the other hand, Mrs. Billington might, in a parody, address her admirers, as they almost squeezed each other
to

to death, to catch the enchanting vibrations of the viewless air as it flowed through the mazes of her mellow wind-pipe—

Sweet are your thund'ring footsteps to my ear,
Your placid looks my tender bosom cheer.
Approach ! for sound all common sense despise !
Approach ! and with your money charm my eyes !

As the lovers of music are persons of extreme sensibility, their sufferings must have been very excruciating indeed, while they sympathised with poor Mrs. B. when she was *delivered of a needle*. Various have been the reports concerning this singular case of surgery, and Mr. H. declares, that after examining the extracted steel through a microscope, he is not certain whether it is a needle or a stiletto ! The lady has been a great traveller, and it is not improbable that some *envious Italian* attempted to assassinate her, and left his stiletto in her shoulder.

It is still more probable, however, that she swallowed a needle during some moment when her mind was overwhelmed by harmony : and in order to prevent other ladies from a similar misfortune, the following piece of advice has been put into verse, that they may the more readily commit it to memory, nay, sing it if they please :

Girls oft have been caution'd 'gainst swallowing pins,
Let them list to a friend who ne'er wheedles ;
And unless they are willing to smart for their sins,
Let them be still more cautious of needles.

Among the different species of coxcombs who infest society, none are more contemptible and absurd than those who loll half asleep in the boxes at the principal theatres, and affect to gaze on the most comic incidents with apathy, while a general burst of laughter prevails. They also contemplate the most affecting scenes of tragedy with the same unaltered muscles, as if it were a mark of superior intellect to repress the feelings of the heart.

Several eminent writers have vindicated the morality of the stage. This, doubtless, is the reason why such a number of dissolute characters live in the vicinity of our principal theatres*. Wishing to participate the instruction

* The following picture of modern profligacy, though the colouring is strong, is but too exact a resemblance of real life.

“Of the increased prevalence of immoral and vicious habits, the public theatres exhibit a damning proof. Twenty years ago, a prostitute did not dare to shew her face in the lower parts of the house; and if in the upper boxes, to which this description of unfortunate women were confined, any tumult or noise was heard, the indignation of the audience, decisively manifested, either produced instantaneous quiet, or the expulsion of the offenders. Now, alas! how different is the scene! the front boxes of the theatres are almost exclusively devoted to women of the town; the lobbies swarm with them; they occupy every part of the house, with the solitary exception of the side boxes and the first circle; the rooms intended for the purposes of refreshment are like the show-rooms of a bagnio; and it is next to impossible for a virtuous woman to walk from her box to her carriage, without having her eyes offended, and her ears shocked,

by

tion of the Drama, they seem to have environed these *elegant temples of morality*, as the lame and impotent formerly did the Pool of Bethesda. It is to be apprehended, however, that no celestial visitant will descend to impart healing virtues in a place where such demons of a depraved imagination as *The Castle Spectre*, *Blue-beard*, and similar ridiculous pageants, are suffered to *make night hideous*. It is full time that such wretched substitutes for rational amusement should be rejected, especially since Shakspeare, our English Apollo, has evidently overthrown the host of German Titans, who impiously waged war, not only against true taste and morality, but against Heaven itself *.

Whatever

by the most indecent gestures, and the most obscene language. And in this most profligate exhibition the young men are as bad as, if not worse than, the women. At a summer theatre we have seen the performance absolutely stopped by the noise of these male and female prostitutes, and the front boxes rendered the scene of actions fit only for a brothel. When such gross violations of decency and decorum are publicly tolerated, woeful, indeed, must be the depravity of public manners !”

Anti-Jacobin Review for June 1800, pp. 204, 205.

Does not the censurable custom of admission at half-price, as practised at one of the theatres, contribute to the intrusion of inebriated rakes and prostitutes ; and would not the payment of full price in some measure prevent the influx of such beings, and serve as a corrective of this nuisance ?

* The extravagant and impious dramas of Kotzebue were extolled as the spirit of poetry—the very language of the gods ! He

Whatever benefit may be received at the theatres, by the auditory in general, certain it is that the youthful part of the fair sex undergo a severe ordeal. When we behold beautiful young ladies at church, adorned by the elegant robe of modesty, and afterwards view the same lovely beings in the boxes at the playhouse, sitting half naked, as if in imitation of women of the town, we can scarcely believe our eyes, or reconcile to reason such a glaring inconsistency, such a preposterous violation of decorum. What! are the amiable daughters of Britain to be exhibited to the intrusive gaze of the world?—forbid it propriety, decency, and virtue.

The competition of Kemble and Cooke in the arduous character of King Richard III. has afforded the public much gratification. Kemble, in the two first acts, seemed

was praised as a superior genius by those unprincipled translators and publishers, who, profiting by the public curiosity, kept his dramas in circulation like a shuttle-cock. Even the Critical Reviewers styled this sensualist, the German Shakspeare; but a more respectable and impartial decision was given against him by the Monthly Reviewers; and the public mind, awaking as from a delirious dream, rejected his palliatives of licentiousness.

Kotzebue has favoured his admirers with a sketch of his life and literary career, in which the egotism and licentiousness of the *German Shakspeare* are equally conspicuous; and he has since written an account of the most important year of his life! This earnestness to obtain fame may be termed the sublime of egotism; but doubtless many of the lovers of common sense and truth would consider the last speech of Kotzebue as the most important of all his effusions.

deficient

deficient in that eagerness and cunning, which characterised the dissembling ambitious usurper; but he gradually became more animated, and in the scene with Lady Anne, his flattery and affected tenderness were much superior to the rough gallantry of Cooke.

Towards the catastrophe, the wonderful powers of Kemble were exerted with the happiest effect. The expression of horror in his countenance, as he awoke from a dream; the gradual predominance of reason over his terrified imagination; the transition to his natural courage, and the pathos with which he exclaimed "Richard's himself again!" electrified the audience. In the duel, perhaps, he exhibited too much of the expertness and agility of the fencer; but his fall and expiration were so natural and affecting, that we for a moment forgot Drury-lane Theatre, and the scene of Bosworth-field was presented to the mind.

As the representative of this great character, Cooke seems entitled to the laurel, and the public decision appears in his favour. The hypocrisy, penetration, and imperious ambition of the tyrant were exhibited in a most masterly manner by this actor, whose voice, gestures, and expression of countenance, domineered over the imagination of the spectator. Nay, the emotions of guilt struggling with remorse, were so admirably portrayed in his countenance, that in one instance, when an involuntary groan escaped his labouring bosom, the effect on the audience was so powerful as to call forth an universal plaudit; nor could the most eloquent speech have more forcibly conveyed the impression of guilt.

In several instances indeed his manner was awkward, yet such inelegance seemed natural to a deformed tyrant. In his harangue to the army, we beheld the courageous Richard at the head of his troops; and if in the duel he displayed less grace than Kemble, it was only a proof of his superior judgment; for who would expect the adroitness of a swordsman in a fierce warrior, previously fatigued, and whose sanguinary object was rather the destruction of his opponent than self-defence?

Indeed, boisterous and daring characters seem best adapted to the genius of Cooke, whose Iago has seldom been equalled. He is also a good comedian, and this versatility renders him a great acquisition to the theatre.

On the other hand, Kemble is much superior in those characters where grace and dignity are combined with the softer passions. His Jaffier, *Harry le Roi*, Hamlet, and Lear, are truly sublime and affecting representations; and his resumption of the buskin, after a temporary retirement, must be gratifying to the lovers of dramatic entertainment.

To attempt a description of the celebrated powers of Mrs. Siddons would be superfluous. Her superiority in the most difficult and affecting characters has long been acknowledged; and this favourite of Melpomene, though now in the wane of exterior grace, still continues under the inspiring tutelage of the muse.

Mr. and Mrs. Pope, those best representatives of Othello and Desdemona, have recently made their appearance on the Drury-lane boards. The favourable reception which they met with from the public, was such

as

as merit like theirs may ever expect from a British audience; and their return to the capital is certainly a powerful accession of strength to the tragic phalanx.

At Covent-Garden Theatre, besides the predominant powers of Cooke, Mrs. Litchfield rapidly improves in some of the most difficult characters in tragedy. Her Lady Anne and Lady Macbeth were a just display of graceful action, and the natural expression of strong passions. Miss Chapman is also an engaging votary of Melpomene.

In comedy, Lewis is pre-eminent. Cynical indeed must be that disposition, torpid that heart, and rigid those muscles, which his spirited and ludicrous delineations of character would not soften to mirth. Animated, graceful, and inspired with the true glee of the comic muse, this favourite actor engages our esteem, while he gratifies the fancy.

Mrs. Billington has, under the cheering influence of Clio, engaged to serve two masters. The public ear has been delighted with her symphonious warblings; connoisseurs are enchanted; and even persons whose auricular organs are not so finely organised, have confessed that her voice is

“ Sweet as the shepherd’s pipe upon the mountain.”

We must regret the frequent indisposition of the principal performers at both theatres. A species of *epidemic influenza* seems to prevail among the sons and daughters of Thespis; insomuch, that it would be worthy of the

national munificence to raise a subscription for the purpose of erecting an hospital for their reception.

Here our advertising physicians might exert their miraculous skill. In case of hoarseness, or any other derangement in the vocal organs, Brodum might gargle the throat of the patient with his wonder-working Botanical Syrup; or should that fail of success, Solomon's Cordial Balm of Gilead would doubtless restore the voice to its wonted melody. It might be advisable, however, to caution the patient against swallowing any of those specifics, lest the public should be deprived of a favourite actor or actress!

Should any of the dancers make a false step, that friendly surgeon, Perkins, might, by the application of his Tractors, instantly cure a contusion or sprain; and, in consequence of the muscles being restored to their usual vigour and elasticity, the dancer might trip away "on the light fantastic toe," to the great delight of the audience. Had this admirable surgeon been consulted in Mrs. Billington's singular case, he might, by a single touch of his magical tractors, have compelled the *needle* to issue from her shoulder; and this incident might have been described by a poet, as similar to the miraculous extraction of the dart from the wound of Æneas described by Virgil.

For the better preservation of the health and spirits of the dramatic corps, it would be very proper to furnish a *medicine-chest* at each theatre, with a quantity of the Nervous Cordial, the Balm of Gilead, Oxygen Gas, De Velno's Syrup, Godbold's Vegetable Balsam; and, above all,

all, at least a dozen sets of the Metallic Tractors. These American skewers would be very efficacious in healing the wounded after a battle in a tragedy; and by a resuscitation of Othello, and other suicides, prevent the necessity of the bodies being buried in the highway, according to the statute.

LITERARY QUACKERY.

Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
 By which the magic art of shrewder wits
 Holds an unthinking multitude enthral'd.
 Some to the fascination of a name
 Surrender judgment, hood-wink'd. Some the style
 Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
 Of error leads them by a tune entranc'd.

COWPER.

LITERATURE, that celestial handmaid of Knowledge, under the guidance of Truth, unites the ingenious, the good, and the virtuous, in one mystic chain of confraternity. How often has the intelligent and studious mind been enlightened and invigorated, by the beautiful descriptions and elevated conceptions of genius! How often have tears of sympathy, or the generous glow of joy, been excited by a pathetic and lively portraiture of the vicissitudes of human life? and while the eye drank instruction, the heart was meliorated, and the understanding enlarged.

But even literature has been productive of evil as well as good. The excursions of a playful imagination naturally deviate into the forbidden regions of licentiousness, and the shafts of Ridicule, pointed by Wit, have been but too often aimed at the bosom of Virtue, while brazen-faced

faced Impiety concealed her deformity in the broad laugh of humour. Those volumes, sacred to science, which either enlarge the sphere of intellectual vision, or innocently amuse the reader, are, with deference, resigned to the vigilant observance of our monthly Literary Censors; and our enquiries shall be directed to the investigation of only such publications as are absurd or pernicious.

BOOK-MAKERS.

The multiplication of middling authors, who *merely compile*, and re-publish the sentiments of preceding writers, is an evil which threatens the existence of the republic of letters.

Monthly Review for January 1802.

AMONG those impostors who have obtruded themselves on society, *Book-makers* are particularly censurable, and may justly be considered injurious to the progress of knowledge, as Quacks are to the art of healing.

The first and most pernicious class of these "half-formed wittings," comprehends writers of their own adventures. Modern voluptuaries of both sexes, when they have by excess incapacitated themselves for pursuing their pleasures, "fight all their battles o'er again," by describing their amours, which they publish, to contribute as much as possible to the amusement and vitiation of others, for a pecuniary consideration. Were such depraved mortals to publish their memoirs as a demonstration of the fatal effects of vice, they might be considered

dered

dered as doing an act of justice in favour of public morals—similar to the dying declaration of criminals at the place of execution. But they not only endeavour to palliate their enormities, under the soft epithet of error, but in some instances they are abandoned enough to recommend similar practices ; while an unprincipled publisher, for the sake of gain, circulates the mental cantharides which empoisons thousands !

It certainly requires an uncommon degree of effrontery in book-makers and their publishers, to enable them to vend obscene productions in a country where laws are established for the suppression of such abortions of intellect. We are informed, that “ An information was exhibited by the Attorney-General against the defendant EDMUND CURLL*, for that he, contriving and intending to injure the morals of the people of this realm, printed and published a certain wicked and obscene book, entitled *Venus in the Cloister, or the Nun in her Smock*.” Curll was found guilty, and was afterwards set in the pillory, as he well deserved †.

Austere moralists may censure a certain publisher, who vends a Quack Doctor's pamphlets and nostrums ; but

* “ Edmund Curll, a bookseller and book-monger, rendered notorious by Mr. Pope in his *Dunciad*. He was generally held to be an immoral character, and was highly injurious to the literary world by his piracies and forgeries. He lost his ears by a sentence of the law for publishing “ *The Nun in her Smock*,” and another paltry performance, and died in 1748.”—*Jones's Biographical Dictionary*.

† Vide *Strange's Reports*, p. 788, M. Term, 1 Geo. II. 1728.

a calm.

a calm investigation of the matter will evince that he is only "labouring at his vocation." By a singular coincidence of circumstances, this devout tradesman contributes at once to the sanity and instruction of society :—he is *a preacher of the gospel!* But he may justify this seeming enormity of his endeavours to serve God and Mammon, by exclaiming with Falstaff, "*It is no sin for a man to labour at his vocation!*"

The most curious as well as ridiculous species of book-making was "*Tales of Wonder,*" compiled by Mr. L. and sold at the moderate price of a guinea! Indeed the abilities of this *spectre-loving senator* were employed to some purpose in collecting ballads from the dead walls of this metropolis!

Next to these caterers for the public taste may be mentioned our modern historians.—

"Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
Of heroes, little known; and call the rant
A history."

The book-maker collects the volumes of writers of acknowledged merit, and, by the aid of a few transcribers, he so completely *transubstantiates* the original, that the author himself would be puzzled to recognise any resemblance. Hence, by intermingling their own vague conceptions with the sublime ideas of genius, book-makers produce a dull monster. Such are G.'s Greece; H.'s History of Scotland; and a variety of heterogeneous compilations.

Many

Many of our of book-makers are Frenchmen and Germans, who good-naturedly endeavour to *illuminate* our minds, by communicating their ideas in *English*. Indeed the pedantic and foppish innovations attempted by these *conceited foreigners*, and even English translators destitute of genius, would, by the introduction of barbarisms, soon render our copious and elegant language mere gibberish, were they not deterred by the spirited and judicious criticism of Reviewers.

Several schemes have been adopted by modern book-makers to obtain popularity. Some "forager on other's wisdom," excites attention by detecting the plagiarism of an eminent writer. Such is Dr. Ferriar, whose "*Illustrations of Sterne*" may be said to have rendered the author "dark with excessive bright." The doctor, however, may claim the merit of having discovered a new method of embalming, for, by interspersing some of the fragrant spices of Sterne's wit with his own crude ideas, he has preserved the inert mass.

When a plain country-gentleman reads the puffing advertisement of a book-maker, he is ready to conclude that such an assuming writer must be a man of superlative genius; but how great must be his disappointment and indignation on purchasing the *new book*, to find that it is only a mutilation of the works of our best authors, which have for years adorned the shelves of his library. He surveys the compilation with as much regret as a traveller beholds a mean cottage built of the magnificent ruins of Palmyra.

But the most curious species of book-makers, are those

those anonymous scribblers who present the public with the biography of their contemporaries. This is, indeed, a new way of conferring fame ; however, while the unknown panegyrist is, like a tutelary genius, ennobling those mushroom-like *ephemera*, they sink from public observation, overwhelmed by the gloom of their own insignificance.

“ Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land
Drop one by one from Fame’s neglecting hand ;
Lethæan gulfs receive them as they fall,
And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.”

The trite remark, that every field of enquiry is exhausted by former writers, is erroneous ; for both nature and art present an infinite variety to the active mind. Selfish publishers, however, endeavour to depreciate living merit, because the productions of deceased authors are attainable at less expence. At the same time we should distinguish between those temporary compilations, hastily written, and published for emolument, and other elaborate and scientific works, in which human knowledge is collected, like a constellation, to illumine the paths of the student.

An Encyclopedia may be denominated the luminary of science ; while our monthly publications constitute the galaxy of intelligence : the former is like a capacious reservoir ; the latter resemble streams incessantly flowing, and cherishing the mind of the reader. On the other hand, the paltry productions of book-makers may, with propriety,

propriety, be considered as the *meteors of literature*, which gleam

“ Lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by themselves destroyed.”

The generosity of the public has too long been insulted by the artifice of plodding compilers ; but the event must be propitious to original genius. The dull sameness of compilation will effect its own destruction, as stagnant pools become fetid, and are abandoned for the pure and salubrious streams of the *original fountain*.

Many ingenious devices have been invented by man to engage the attention of his fellow-creatures ; and it is not improbable that some compiler, who, like a concave mirror, collects the diverging rays of science, may favour us with the history of the world in a single pocket volume, as the *Iliad* was formerly comprised in a nut-shell. What can any rational man expect from such disjointed productions, but a rhapsodical collection of ideas, instead of real knowledge ?

Some book-makers assert the equality of the sexes, in order to obtain the patronage of the ladies, and their auxiliary coxcombs. The virtuous part of the fair sex, however, which happily constitutes a great majority, aspires to no such fanciful distinction ; but are meek, amiable, and the brightest ornaments of the social edifice.

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